THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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THE FOOT BRIDGE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Throughout the long hours of the day
How many tread its yielding plank—
That safely bear them on their way
Across the stream to either bank.

A motley throng in eager haste
To chase their phantom, though it flies;
Once grasping it they hope to taste
The blissful joys of Paradise.

And yet what thoughts beat through the brain
In time with footsteps fast or slow,
What hopes they carry in their train,
Or what unrest, we may not know.

Could all their fancies form assume,
And hover in the ambient air,
How strange a garb of light and gloom
That little quiet bridge would wear.

But to that bridge who will repairs,
And passing leaves no other trace,
Than that which constant treading wears
Upon its hard enduring face.

Yet on our varied way in life
We leave the marks where we have been,
Disclosing in the restless strife
The silent path we tread within.

MARIE S. L.

LETTY'S TEMPTATION.

BY I. D. FENTON.

CHAPTER I.

On the shores of Carmarthen Bay, not ten miles from Tenby, stands a farm-house known as Golygfa-hyfryd, and justly is it so named, for a more beautiful prospect it would be hard to find.

To the south stretches a fair expanse of blue water, the far-famed bay, in whose bosom, according to ancient tradition, lies the enchanted land peopled by beings of the fairy world. On either hand of the entrance to the bay stand Tne Worme Head and Caldy Island: far away across the channel rises the outline of North Devon. The coast of Carmarthen Bay is varied—on one side precipitous rocks, on the other a low sandy beach. Looking inland you see a rich, well-cultivated country, undulating like Devon, but unlike Devon in having fewer stone walls and smaller fields, which, parcelled out by sod dykes and hedges, give a warmer and more clothed aspect to the landscape. From the hill behind the house four counties can be seen, and two of the highest mountain ranges in Wales, the Pereelli and the Black Mountains. The farm itself is in Pembrokeshire; and close by a village, consisting of some dozen or two of white, blue, or yellow-washed houses, a square-towered church, and a castle, which built piece by piece has little pretensions to either beauty or strength, but is nevertheless considered perfect by the unsophisticated natives. Antiquity it certainly can claim, having, in one form or another, been the headquarters of the Gawain family, since the days of Howel Dha, when, during the wholesale confiscation by William, it was saved by the beauty of the Celtic chief's only child and heiress, who became captivated by the dark eyes and soft speech of a follower of Sir Robert Fitz Hamon. A compromise was the result, and Sir Claude Gironde, nothing loth, changed his Norman for a Celtic name.

The present owner, Jervis Gawain, was like his ancestor's bride, an only child, and the last of his name, both parents having died when he was a boy.

Rachel Lloyde, the tenant of the farm, was the Squire's foster-mother and widow of Richard Lloyde, the descendant of a race who had held the same ground almost as long as the Gawains had the castle. The widow had two sons, who, though come to man's estate, only held the land as under their mother. Evan, the eldest, had taken after his mother's side of the house, and boasted the bright blue eyes and dark-red hair, which still distinguishes the inhabitants of the country occupied by the Flemish settlement of Henry II. Like his forefathers, Evan was wide-shouldered, deep-chested, clean limbed; positive and strong-minded, but as gentle in temper as a summer stream. Lewis, on the other hand, was a true Celt, dark-haired, lithe-limbed, and hot-headed, reckless in his pleasure, fiery in his anger, fierce and passionate even to cruelty in his love. From a child he had been his mother's favorite, nor, looking at him, could you well blame her, for a handsomer man than Lewis, at three-and-twenty, was rarely met. The greatest charm about his face, perhaps, lay in his eyes, which were of a deep clear gray, hiding away under thick long lashes, a light that dazzled or won you, as the mood was on him,—dangerous eyes, eyes that reached the heart without any need of spoken words—eyes that could play every lover's wile, and which once met when passion roused, left a burning scar which no after ways could ever quite obliterate. Lewis was, as Mrs. Lloyde half-regretfully, half-proudly, owned, "a sad boy among the girls;" and accordingly a very sharp look-out did the mother keep, especially among the young women employed at the farm.

Both brothers had received a good education, and although on equal terms at the farm, the younger did very little towards the ordinary labor; shooting, fishing, and riding having more attractions for him. In winter he brought pleasure and profit into partnership: a first-rate horseman, he knew every mile of the country, the weak part of every fence, and the best line to follow; so that as soon as Captain Powel's first "meet" was announced Lewis was in his element, and got longer prices for his horses than any man, dealer or not, in the country. Evan was not given to love-making, and the fact of his never having been in love was a source of much satisfaction to Rachel, who never forgot the old adage,—

"My son's my son till he gets a wife,
My daughter's my daughter all my life."

Lewis had done all the courting, and to spare; and many a sleepless night had his doings cost his mother, who, like a Rebecca of old, lived in continual fear that her favorite son would bring home a wife from among the daughters of the land.

Such were the inmates of Golygfa-hyfryd, where in the sweet spring time my story begins; but even though it was the last week in May, and drawing nigh unto summer, it was the first that anything like spring weather had warmed the hearts of the farmers in the Principality, who, sorely tried by wind and rain during this their busiest month, had been forced to console themselves by falling back upon the wisdom of their Celtic forefathers, trusting in the proverb, that "a wet May would bring a land loaded with corn and hay." Now, in the eleventh hour, when the corn was in the ground, the hay-fields weeded, the potatoes planted, did the capricious wind veer round to the south, the sun shine forth, and summer and the swallows come together. Every one rejoiced in the change, and none more so than Rachel Lloyde's pretty niece Lettice, who, having made her fresh acquaintance with her cousins and Wales upon May-day, had been wearying for sunshine and flowers.

Lettice was a thorough-going cockney, born and bred within the sound of Bow-bells, utterly ignorant of country life, and associating Seasons only with the changes in the artificial flowers used in the shop where she served, and where her good looks had gained her a place in the show-room.

When Lettice had been so advanced some six or eight months, she suddenly fell ill, the roses left her cheeks and the light faded out of her eyes. Her employer, a kind-hearted woman, sent for a doctor, who ordered country air, and Lettice remembering to have heard her dead mother speak of Aunt Rachel and the home-farm, petitioned to be sent to Wales, which being very far away, and altogether a new world, would, she felt, be the best medicine. Poor Letty knew better than the doctor why her cheeks had grown pale, and the burden of her work, once light enough, intolerable, for the saddest lesson a young heart can learn had been taught her. Letty's story was short and very common. For a month or two the world itself had seemed scarcely large enough to contain the happiness life had in store for her. Then suddenly the light went out. The man to whom she had given the fresh young love of her heart left her, and that too without a word of warning or explanation. He met her as usual when her day's work was over, walked to the end of the street where her step-mother lived, and after lingering a little, and coming back once again to say good-bye, she saw him no more.

When Mrs. Lloyde heard of her niece's illness, and her desire to visit Wales, the old love for the lost sister prompted a hearty welcome, and a hope that she would consider the farm a home as long as she liked; but when the letter was gone, misgivings began to rise. What if the girl was pretty; there were "the boys," and even if not pretty as Rachel reckoned beauty, Lettice was town bred, and sure to be a flirting, conceited, useless thing. One or both "boys" were in danger. Rachel had heard very terrible stories of the way in which young people were brought up in large towns, and never doubted but that London was Babylon, the mighty city whose sins were reaching up unto heaven, and over whose soft living, adulterous, and drunken inhabitants the wrath of the Almighty was gathering.

The day fixed for Letty's arrival being the market-day at Narberth, Rachel, who was waiting for the coach, saw a pretty, pale face looking anxiously out, while a sweet voice asked if Mrs. Lloyde was in the town. The tone was modest, and the girl's dress sober as a Quaker's, far quieter and plainer than that of the humblest work-girl in the fair.

"I am Mrs. Lloyde, my dear," said Rachel, prepossessed at once. "Welcome to Wales. Come to the inn and have a cup of tea. Sure you look a'most dead."

"I am a little tired, Aunt Rachel, quoth Lettice, trembling nervously. "But I shall soon be strong. Everybody looks so rosy and healthy, and the air has quite a different feeling from London." Letty was getting out of the coach as she made this little speech, and Mrs. Lloyde was watching her narrowly. One source of anxiety respecting her niece's arrival had been the certainty that she would wear crinoline, and as that was positively tabooed at the farm, Rachel had been in a dilemma what course she should take, and an expression of intense relief come over her face when Letty's lithe, graceful figure showed that she at least eschewed the obnoxious garment.

"You are a sensible little maid," said Rachel, patting her cheek; "you've got your mother's foot and figure too, and the hair. Sure, by the time you've seen the harvest, you'll be as like her as two peas."

Many were the looks that followed the farm spring-cart, as Rachel drove out of the town, and divers the opinions passed. The young men mostly admired her, and by the same token the girls pronounced her white-faced and plain, while the old folks shook their heads, and said, "she was a sorry lass, and the cauld winds would strell her to the church-yard."

Letty had a very white face when she came down to breakfast next morning, and Mrs. Lloyde being fond of doctoring, immediately brought her skill to bear, putting her niece through a course of early rising, exercise, and new milk, under which, the roses began to blossom again, the light came back into the soft hazel eyes, and Letty found that it was not altogether unpleasant living in a comfortable house with two handsome cousins, both of whom treated her with a sort of quaint courtesy. Doctors place great faith in a counter-irritant, and though Letty was not exactly in love with Lewis, his eyes had set her heart fluttering more than once; and there was something in the way in which his voice softened that made her remember every word he said.

Upon the afternoon my story takes as a special and personal starting point, Mrs. Lloyde was in the yard, where the milking was going forward; she had taken her stand, with her knitting in hand, by the door of the dairy, where three sturdy damsels were busy in the mysteries of cheese-making. Both yard and dairy spoke well for the owner, both were very unlike Welsh farmyards in general. There were no slates off, no temporary blocking out of wind and rain by sods or straw, the doors moved smoothly upon their hinges; and through the open stable-door might be seen stalls littered with clean straw, while the smell of fresh hay proved that work was going on.

Presently up a green lane came the workmen leading or riding their teams; and as the foremost reached the yard, a big black horse broke away, and trotting to the pond, stood snorting with his muzzle at the muddy margin, until a comrade coming up, he made a plunge forward. Mrs. Lloyde's keen eyes ran over the cattle with a well-satisfied smile; nodding to an old man who had ridden down upon a handsome brood mare with a colt at her heels, she said:

"They show more of last years corn than of this, William."

"Yes, sure, ma'am. There's norra one has horses like un, indeed; and they're the teptest by here. Auld mare be as flity as a four-year. Eh, auld girl?" and he brought his hand down upon the mare's ribs with a sounding slap, thereby disturbing the colt, who, with the laudable view of economizing time, had seized the opportunity to begin his supper.

"There's the last bucket," cried Mrs. Lloyde, suddenly remembering Letty, "and my niece not here yet; run, Mari, hurry and tell her to come."

Letty was trimming a hat for herself, and as the bright-faced girl looked in to give her message, greeted her with:

"Oh, bother! you can drink the milk for me. No, don't go away—I am finished; just look, isn't that better than the church-steeple you wear here?" and she perched the hat upon her head.

"There's pretty!" cried Mari, wonder-struck and open-mouthed.

"Well, if you're a good girl, I'll make one like it for you; and won't we astonish the 'boys' on Sunday!"

Mari laughed, and followed Letty to the yard, where Mrs. Lloyde stood, too much interested in the milk to notice her niece. When she did look up, the never ending knitting dropped from her hands, and her face flushed angrily.

"Bless us all, girl! what's that on your head?"

"A hat, aunt, and one of the latest fashion."

Mrs. Lloyde's lips drew closer, and her eyes half closed.

"I don't like such fashions; there's not a decent girl here that would be seen with a thing like that, so put it out of my sight."

Letty hardly understood what was meant, but the truth dawned upon her as the girls in the dairy giggled. Then her eyes flashed, and her color deepened; but still, by a strong effort, she kept down her passion.

"It is so pretty, aunt; everybody in England wears them."

"Pretty here, or pretty there, I am not going to have my house disgraced, or my niece called—"

Before Mrs. Lloyde could finish, Letty had torn the hat off, and was stamping upon it, crying:

"There! now are you content?"

Mrs Lloyde held her tongue, and something like pity for the motherless girl stole over her face. But the hard look came back as Evan, stepping out of the stable, came over, and laid his hand upon Letty's shoulder, saying:

"Don't be hard on her, mother; her ways are not as our ways, and the hat was pretty on her."

"Did you see it?" sobbed Letty, looking first into his face, then at the strong, brown hand clasping her shoulder.

"Yes, cousin, I was in the stable, but frightened to come out, when I saw you dancing about like a wild cat."

Letty laughed, but her aunt's face grew dark. All her fears, all the presentiments of what was to follow her niece's arrival, lulled to rest as they had been, sprang to life, and her heart grew bitter against the pretty face that had been the cause of such a speech from Evan, who, seeing that for the present there was no chance of winning his mother over, bid Lettice go into the house, and not think of it any more.

Lettice did as she was told, but not before she had stooped her face and kissed the hand still lingering on her shoulder—a child-like caress Mrs. Lloyde fortunately had turned her back upon; she was too busy reproving the maids for neglecting their work, to take further notice of Evan's championship.

When supper-time came, the effects of the storm were still visible. Letty's eyes were red and swollen, and her mouth quivered nervously, as she said,

"Aunt, I am very sorry; but I was in an awful passion."

Evan smiled, and looked at his mother. The flushed, sorrowful face, and quivering lips of his pretty cousin did not look very awful, and he thought enough had been said. But Mrs. Lloyde did not mean to relax so quickly; her nature was suspicious; she did not believe poor Letty, and thought her contrition all show, for Evan's benefit.

"It's a pity you don't think before you act, niece. There never was a sweeter temper than your mother, and I am never in a passion."

Lettice thought differently of the last allegation, but kept her opinion to herself, and an awkward silence reigned at the table, until Lewis came in, brimful of the news of the squire's return to the castle, which was to be done up against the shooting season. Next to her own sons, Rachel loved her foster-child, and before Lettice went to bed had given her a full account of the family, Mr. Gawain's boyhood, as far as she knew of his after-life, and the young bride who had brought him such a fine fortune, and sent a wedding-cake as large as a cheese to the farm.

"Evan told me of the row with my mother," whispered Lewis, as he and Letty met in the passage. "Don't mind it, Letty; she's quick-tempered, but we've all to put up with it alike. You mustn't quarrel with her, for the house wouldn't be worth stopping in without you."

And Letty went to bed with a light heart after all, but not quite sure which of her cousins she liked the best—Evan, with his quiet, protecting kindness, Lewis with his—. There the contrast failed for want of words; she did not know how to explain, even in her own mind, where the difference lay.

CHAPTER II.

Mrs. Lloyde was now too fully occupied superintending the refurnishing at the castle, to see what was going on at home, or how her worst fears were being realized. It was not possible for Lewis to be in the way of a pretty girl without fancying himself in love with her; and the very fact that Lettice kept him at a distance, and was so unlike the girls he had been used to, increased his passion, which grew all the stronger by being kept out of sight. Generally speaking, Lewis went about his love-making very openly, and with a noisy bravado. He was proud of his success, and had no objection to be joked about it; but now he kept his feelings in check, waiting and watching, with tolerable patience, for an opportunity to tell Lettice how he loved her.

At first he had been inclined to be jealous of Evan, but all fear on that head gradually vanished; he soon saw that Evan never brought the color to her cheeks, and he was content to wait. Nor was this waiting without its own peculiar charm. It had the advantage of novelty. Lewis began to feel that difficulty and delay lent a new pleasure to the pursuit; and this lasted until one day, when the corn harvest was in progress, every available hand employed in the field, and Mrs. Lloyde safe at the castle for the rest of the day, Letty being left to keep house alone, took her sewing to a summer-house at the foot of the garden, where, bowered in by monthly roses, honeysuckle, and clematis, she could look out upon the bay, and dream of the fairy lands that no mortal eye had seen. Her waking dreams soon ended in sleeping dreams. Letty's head rested upon the mossy wall, her work lay idly on her lap. There are few prettier pictures than that of a fair girl surprised by sleep, especially if surrounded by flowers and sunshine; even the little birds seemed to think so, and came fluttering down to perch upon her workbox or table, flying away in guilty consternation at the sound of an approaching footstep—a step subdued, as if the comer was not willing to be heard at all, and was pausing every now and then to make sure that he had not betrayed himself, when a turn of the walk brought him to the grass-plot in front of the summer-house. There Lewis stood still; he had left the harvest field, knowing he would find her alone. He had made up his mind to speak, and though he felt a little nervous, he had no fears about the result.

As he stood looking at the sleeping girl his face grew pale, and the light that gleamed out of his dark eyes had as much of cruel determination as of passion; he made no effort to disturb her rest, but a minute or two only had passed when, suddenly, and as people often do awake, Lettice opened her eyes. She looked in Lewis's face rather vaguely, she had been dreaming about him, and for the moment she hardly knew which was reality. Lewis only saw the eyes, with their dreamy silent love, and all the long-restrained passion broke forth.

"Lewis! how dare you?" cried Letty, fully roused to the reality now, and struggling in his arms.

"I'd dare anything to tell you I love you; it's because I love you; because I cannot look on as the lovers you talk about do; because I believe, in spite of your cold looks, that you love me. I love you, Letty; do you hear? I love you—I love you. Nay, you may as well be still, and hear me. I won't let you go until you've kissed me back again, and told me what I want to hear."

And Lettice remained passive; her own heart was beating wildly, and although she was very indignant, Lewis loved her, and, carried away by his passion, she told him she loved him and believed it herself.

"I've had a present in my pocket for you this fortnight, Letty," said Lewis, after a time, and he took a little box out of his pocket; "see. You like ear-rings; here's a pretty pair."

Letty did like pretty things, and was pleased at Lewis giving her anything so nice. So she gave him the thanks he wanted, and let him fasten the ornaments in her ears; her arm was still upon his shoulder, and her face crimson with blushes, turned up to his, when he said,

"You are the prettiest girl I ever saw, Letty, and I am half-afraid of touching you, even now. You are so different from the girls about here."

Never did lover make a more unfortunate speech. In an instant there flashed upon Letty's memory all the tales she had heard of Lewis and his love-making, and she sprang from his side, looking in his face defiantly, as quivering, flushing, and almost hoarse with jealous passion, she poured forth a perfect hurricane of indignant reproaches, to which Lewis listened, silent from sheer amazement. Heretofore his triumphs among the fair sex had been considered a recommendation, and he could not even now see why Lettice was to cast them in his teeth. He had been faithful to her since the secret of his love first disclosed itself, and was rather inclined to take merit to himself for being so, but while he was thinking how he should soothe her, her voice was silenced, a look of intense fear convulsed her face, and uttering a cry of horror, she ran off towards the house. Turning, Lewis saw, peering through the branches, the leering, distorted face of an idiot boy, who, belonging to no one, was suffered to feed and sleep at the farm, and employed in cowherding or messages.

To seize the boy by the collar and drag him through the hedge was the work of a moment, when all the concentrated passion and disappointment rankling in his heart were vented in a shower of blows, nor did he stay his hand, until the boy's shrieks of murder threatened to bring other witnesses, when, regaining command over himself, Lewis threw the poor terrified wretch from him, swearing that if he caught him watching Lettice again he would kill him.

In vain Lewis sought for an opportunity of having an explanation. Lettice would give him none. And at last, weary, provoked, and beside himself with anger, he absented himself from the house almost continually night as well as day. Lettice was furious, but too proud to complain; and, finding she had gone a little too far, tried to bring him back by arousing his jealousy. She had a work-box, in which she had collected and locked away every relic that could remind her of the past. This had been done when first her trouble fell upon her; but now she thought all danger of that kind was gone by, and accordingly opened the box and took out a pair of ear-rings given to her by the false lover to lure back the fickle one.

Of course it was very weak and childish of Lettice to try any such experiments; but Lettice was neither very strong nor very worldly-wise. She had thought once of making Lewis jealous of Evan; but there had been something in Evan's manner of late that repelled her. He was none the less kind and gentle, but he was less in the house; and when there never tried to find her alone as he had formerly done. He looked so grave, too, when Lewis was chaffing her, half bitterly, and with a covert meaning, intended only for Lettice, that the thought of playing him off against his brother was a very transitory one, and she even thought of taking Evan into her confidence and making him lecture Lewis; but this, too, passed away, and all her plans ended in wearing a curious and costly pair of ear-rings, of which Lewis took no notice whatever. Thus things were in a sore perplexity when the Squire brought his wife home—very quietly, for Mrs. Gawain was not strong, and begged that there might be no demonstration.

Mrs. Lloyde came home from her visit to the bride in low spirits. She did not think much of her favorite's choice; but Lettice, going with her next day, was more favorably impressed. There was a weak, disappointed, unsettled look about the delicate face that found a corresponding voice and sympathy in Letty's heart.

"How pretty your niece is," said Mrs. Gawain, when Letty went out of the room. I quite like her. You must let her come and see me every day."

And Mrs. Lloyde promised, though not perfectly satisfied that it was the best thing for her niece to become the companion of a fine lady. It was dark before they left the castle, and a cold drizzling rain came sweeping up from the sea. Lettice covered her head up with a shawl, and trusting to her aunt's better acquaintance with the field-path, kept close behind her. She was thinking of the sad-faced bride, and how differently she had pictured such a lot. Who was to blame? Surely not the Squire, whose praise was on every lip; if not his fault, how terrible his disappointment. So Lettice was very sorry for the young husband.

They were in the last field now, and Mrs. Lloyde was carefully fastening a chain round the gate when approaching voices were heard, and three or four men, with a number of dogs, came along the path. "It's the Squire," whispered Mrs. Lloyde; and before Lettice's mind's eye arose the memory of the wife he was going home through the fog and rain to meet. But suddenly her pity and sympathy were set to flight, and her heart stood still.

"Hallo! Mother Lloyde! What a night to be out in!" It was the Squire who spoke, and he brushed past Letty as he held out his hand to her aunt.

Letty's heart stood still. She knew the voice. Why should she not? Had it not whispered in every accent of love, praise, passion, and hope in her ear? Had she not longed for it with a longing like unto madness? Had she not, gone into lonely places that she might utter his words aloud and mimic his tone, finding consolation even thus? Months had passed away; she had buried the desire of her heart side by side with its fresh, pure love; and now, when other hopes and other love had filled the void, her prayers were gratified, the old mad longing filled, and the voice ringing in her ears again, waking up the hidden passion, filling every thrilling nerve with the ecstacies of a first love.

Letty had fled to the uttermost parts of the earth for safety, and her fate had followed her. She knew, then, as she stood with the chill east wind beating the rain in her burning face, how bitterly she had been deceived when she said to herself that the old love was conquered.

At last he went on homewards, and her aunt joined her, together they walked up the hill, Rachel loud in Mr. Gawain's praise, and Lettice with her teeth set and every throb of her heart, ringing a thousand bells in her brain, pretending to listen, but neither hearing or heeding anything, and scarcely knowing she was in the house till Evan said,—

"You are cold, Letty. Come and sit by the kitchen-fire."

Lettice said she was wet, and would go upstairs.

"Sure you've kept her out too late, mother," he said. "She's but a frail little maid."

And Rachel went to Lettice's bedroom door, but it was locked; and Letty, against all reason, declared she was in bed. So her aunt turned back, thinking her niece was out of temper. Lewis, as ill-luck would have it, had been waiting in a quieter mood than usual, ready to make any concession. And upon this temper of his, Letty's conduct came like oil on smouldering flax; no sooner was supper over, than, starting up, he took his cap. Evan followed him to the door, and there some words passed—angry ones it seemed to the mother, who, however, saw something in Evan's face that prevented her asking an explanation, though he sat with her till nearly twelve. Lewis had not returned when she went to her room, and the small hours had chimed from the noisy clock before she heard him come up stairs.

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK)

Man and Woman.

This question has been presented in a somewhat summary form by Dr. C. Vogt, in "Lectures on Man," published by the Anthropological Society. It has long been observed that among peoples progressing in civilization the men are in advance of the women; while among those that are retrograding, the contrary is the case. Part as in respect of morals, woman is the conservator of old customs and usages, of religion, traditions and legends—so in the material world she preserves primitive forms, which but slowly yield to the influence of civilization. We are justified, according to Dr. Vogt, in saying that it is easier to overthrow a government by revolution than to alter the arrangements in the kitchen, though their absurdity be abundantly proved. The lecturer must have drawn his conclusions from German domestic economy, in which housekeepers are not constantly driven from former practices by the innovations of new styles of ranges and stoves, as the same classes are with us. Woman, we are told, preserves in the formation of her head the early stage from which the race or tribe has been developed, or into which it has relapsed. The lower the state of culture, the more alike are the occupations of the two sexes. Among the Australians, the Bushmen and other low races, possessing no fixed habitations, the wife partakes of all her husband's toils, and has, in addition, the care of the progeny. The spheres of occupation is the same for both sexes; while among the civilised nations there is a division both in mental and physical labor.

European Laborers.

An English laborer complains that the words, "pauper labor of Europe" are often used unthinkingly in this country. He says that the prices of the necessaries of life are so much lower than they are here that the lower rate of wages affords a sufficient compensation. After citing statistics to this effect in several branches of business, he adds, that any one who would take the trouble to make a close acquaintance with the social condition and habits of the workmen in any of the principal seats of English manufacture—iron, cotton, woollen or earthenware—would find that, as a rule, work is only carried on five days a week; that the operatives have a keen appreciation of and an ability to purchase the good things of this life; that they are enthusiastic pleasure-seekers, and are lavish in their expenses in holiday times; that the more provident are able to invest large sums in building societies, savings banks and the like; that many of the men live in their own houses, and a great number have very respectable and well-furnished houses.

☞ It is gratifying to know that the food crisis has passed in the South. The cry of distress that recently came up from nearly all the Southern states, is now alleviated by the gathering of the early crops.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JULY 6, 1867.

OUR NOVELETS.

We commenced in THE POST of May 4th a new novelet, called

LORD ULSWATER,

which our readers will find to be a novelet of great power and interest.

Our other novelet,

JOYCE DORMER'S STORY,

is generally acknowledged to be one of the best we have ever published.

We can furnish back numbers containing the whole of "JOYCE DORMER'S STORY," and a few complete series to the first of January, containing the whole of Emerson Bennett's novelet of "The Outlaw's Daughter."

WATKINS' GLENS.

This is a wonderful land of ours. The politicians say that it is not "fenced in," and we may add that it is not yet found out. As you travel through the country—North, South, East and West—your attention is continually called to objects of wonder and interest, celebrated in their particular neighborhoods, but which are totally unknown, even by name, to the citizens of other portions of the country.

Recently we were in Elmira, in the southern part of the great state of New York—an enterprising, "progressive" place, and famous for several things, especially for its Water Cure, its having "one of the Beechers" among its ministers, and its many conflagrations. Of the first we spoke some weeks since—in fact, our errand to Elmira was to subject a somewhat ailing son to the beneficent influences of change, mountain air and pure water, under the direction of Dr. Gleason and his accomplished wife, of whose skill and experience we have a very high opinion. And as to fires, Elmira is said to average about one a day, or rather night—as the insurance offices of New York and New England have ascertained by this time to their cost.

Being in Elmira, we were asked one day, if we had ever seen Watkins' Glens. "We never even heard of them," was the reply. And so we went to see them, expecting little of course, as is our way, and finding much, which also is often our way.

Watkins, to which some polite blockhead has given the name of Jefferson—as if there were not already some five thousand places, more or less, of that name in the country,—is situated at the head of Seneca Lake, on the railroad between Elmira and Canandaigua, about 20 miles north of Elmira. It is "a right smart little village," containing about 2,500 inhabitants. (This is probably more than it does contain, but it always pleases the inhabitants of these little places to be overrated.)

In the immediate vicinity of Watkins are the Glens. A small stream has cut deep ravines through the layers of soft rock which compose the hills of this section, and as you walk up the path by its side, you have for several miles a scene of the wildest and most romantic character.

The citizens of Watkins say that the Glens continue for over four miles, and contain a hundred cascades. We only had time to walk, we should think, about a mile and a half, and therefore only speak of what we saw. For this distance, the rocks towered on both sides to the height, as we judged, of from one hundred to three hundred feet—and many of the numerous cascades were uncommonly beautiful. In a number of places the rock is hollowed out into glorious amphitheatres, as at the Kauterskill Falls. In several places you pass behind the cascades—in one just being able to escape a drenching.

The whole scene reminds you of the Kauterskill, as well as of Trenton Falls—being a kind of mixture of the scenery of the two, and surpassing, we think, the Kauterskill in its attractions.

To travellers through New York state, who may happen to pass within hailing distance of Watkins, we say, stop by all means, and see these Glens. They are worth seeing.

As to the means of accomodating travellers at Watkins, we know nothing. We suppose, however, there is at least one hotel—but the place can easily be reached from either Elmira, Canandaigua or Geneva as a stopping place, going and returning the same day.

From a high bluff back of Watkins, you have a fine view of the town and of the beautiful lake of Seneca, forty miles in length. A steamboat runs regularly between Watkins at one end of the lake, and Geneva at the other.

We have given this notice, strange as it may seem in these "progressive" days, simply for the general good. The Watkins people are nothing to us, nor we to the Watkinsites. "What's Hecuba to us, or we to Hecuba?" When we were there, they did not parade the town militia, nor even have a civic reception, with eloquent speeches from the town orator and other important personages. They did not even offer us a lot in their new cemetery, which is the grandest sight and site about the town, and seems designed for the use of a place ten times as large as Watkins. Probably the Watkins people know what they are about, however, and are determined to offer to visitors from abroad, the somewhat unusual attraction of a large and stylish grave-yard. Any person who, like the man in Scripture, should wish to "dwell among the tombs," would have about the best situation for a residence that can be found in Watkins.

ANNUAL COMMENCEMENT.

The fourteenth annual commencement of the Polytechnic College took place on the 27th ult., at Horticultural Hall, in the presence of a large audience. After an air had been performed by the Germania Orchestra the graduates entered the hall, and took their positions on the platform.

Matthew Newkirk, Esq., presided and introduced the Rev. Dr. Cole, Pastor of the North Baptist Church, who opened the proceedings with prayer. General William McCandless then addressed the audience, and expressed his gratification in being permitted to speak in behalf of an institution which had done so much to advance the interests of the young men who had been placed under its influence. He had always been a friend to the college, and whenever the institution required his aid he would be happy to render it. He hoped that the fostering care of the state would continue to be extended over it, and that prosperity would attend its future course.

Degrees were conferred upon a number of gentlemen in the School of Mines, of Architecture, and of Mechanical and Civil Engineering.

The design of this Institution is excellent, and it should receive liberal encouragement.

GERMAN CHROMOS IN OIL.

Future historians will probably declare that with all the unexampled achievements of this age, its highest glory consists less in the marvelousness than in the beneficence of its works. There have been periods in the past when, measured by the standards of beauty and strength and majesty, the works of men have been as impressive as they can ever be; but how little did they contribute to the enjoyment of the people. All the wealth and glory ever piled on the shores of the Tiber would not weigh a feather against the benefits that have been wrought for the world by modern improvements in the supply of its commonest wants.

So in Art, though many are disposed to think that there can be no improvement in execution, the age still asserts its beneficent character by enabling every person of taste to beautify his home with pictures of a merit until lately only to be secured by the wealthy.

The Germans are just now giving to the world some beautiful works of art, having all the effect of the finest oil paintings, and at a cost greatly less. The colors employed being the same as those in paintings, and the execution, generally, still more refined, it is no wonder that the common verdict of people of taste is, that a good Chromo is more artistic than three-fourths of the paintings by brush. The reason is plain. None but superior paintings are selected for reproduction, and the very best artists are employed on the work; so that if only one picture resulted in each case its cost would amount to many hundreds of dollars. Yet each picture is as perfect as if it was the only copy in the world.

The lack of individuality in Chromos is the only complaint that is made against them. But the same objection would apply to books and engravings, and to almost every article that we put in our houses, or wear on our persons. Yet we would not think of declining a certain make of piano, for instance, because hundreds are produced every year; neither do we often see a lady refuse a handsome piece of dress goods for fear somebody else may purchase the same pattern. We conclude, therefore, that such a notion has no more right to be current than that which prompts a wealthy belle to have the loom destroyed by which her particular lace or brocade was made.

In the Art Gallery of Messrs. WARBROTH, TAYLOR & BROWN, where considerable space is devoted to these pictures, may be seen at all times the best Chromos that are issued. Among the most perfect we notice a number of scenes on the Swiss lakes and on the Rhine; favorite subjects with German artists. Some of these views are specially noteworthy, but to describe them would require more space than we can spare. The Art pictorial will have to consider, then, that we have done our duty in calling public attention to this new step forward in the gratification of refined taste.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

UNIVERSAL SUFFRAGE FEMALE SUFFRAGE. By a Republican, (not a "Radical.") Published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada. Price 50 cents (postage prepaid.) In this work the subject of the suffrage is regarded from a different point of view to that which is so general. The author evidently considers the common view as very shallow and superficial. As the question is one of great interest at the present moment, perhaps we cannot do better than to make some extracts, allowing the writer to speak for himself. And first as to the natural right to vote, we quote as follows:—

THE NATURAL RIGHT TO VOTE.

"Let us consider this alleged natural right to vote from another point of view. What is voting? We have a common phrase in this country,—'the majority should *rule*.' Yes, the voting of the majority is ruling, governing. Those voters who make up the constitutional majority, are the true rulers of the country. Legislators, presidents, judges, are but their representatives, their hands. To vote, therefore, so far as the majority of voters are concerned, is to rule, to govern.

"But to govern whom? *Themselves!* The phrase is current, that 'every people have a right to govern *themselves*.' But what is the fact, the truth? The constitutional majority of voters in this country—not always the absolute majority—have the right given them not only to govern themselves, but to govern the minority also. That minority may thus be governed in the very way they do not wish to be governed, made to do the very things they especially dislike doing. Made to contribute of their money and lives to steal foreign territory, or wage wars the most unjust and unholy.

"Now I maintain that if there be any natural right to govern, it can be founded upon nothing else than the natural ability to govern wisely and well.

"If the only governing that the majority of the voting class could possibly be called upon to do, was the governing of themselves, men might argue with more force that voting was a natural right, based upon the mere fact, I will not say of manhood, but of being created in the form of man. But all parts of society are so bound together that to vote may not only be to govern yourself, but me. Now to claim the right to do this you must manifest some capacity to do it. 'The tools to the hands that can use them,' has been called a great democratic doctrine. Be it democratic or not, it is common reason and common sense.

"To you who claim to have a natural right to govern, I oppose my natural right to be well governed. If you cannot govern the country well and wisely, you have no natural right to govern it, but only a constitutional one. For this is a case in which it is impossible that all parties should exercise their right of free agency, their natural individual liberty. The minority would never have any right of resistance and revolution, were it not that it is always implied that the ruling majority shall rule them fairly, and wisely, and well. If they do otherwise to an unbearable extent, the minority may rebel rightfully against a majority, however large, if they have reasonable hopes of success—and an impartial world, standing around as witnesses, and more, impartial history, will justify them, whether they succeed, or whether they utterly fail.

"Yes, men may have a natural right as men, without regard to the measure of their ability, to be well and fairly governed—a natural right to life and liberty, and to pursue their own happiness, meddling not with other people's, in what wise or foolish paths they please—but a natural right, based upon a mere imperfectly developed manhood, to govern, that seems to me an absurdity which only needs to be fairly stated to be overthrown."

Of course it is not our place as a neutral journalist either to endorse or to deny the above views—we simply quote them as being a somewhat new view of the question.

In relation to the right to vote as a protection to individual interests, the writer has considerable to say which we cannot find room for. We quote the following, however:—

"It is argued that every man should have the right to vote in order to protect his own interests. But I hope you have already seen that there is something deeper in the question than this. The protection of one, as he considers it, may involve the destruction of another—may really involve his own destruction also. An ignorant man, inflated by praise and self-complacency, may think he can steer your ship as well as the old helmsmen. If he cannot, not only he may be the victim, but you also. If you give the elective franchise to large classes of ignorant men, it may often result, not in their *sharing* with you the management of affairs, but in their taking the management into their own hands altogether. The practical question therefore often becomes, which of the two classes can be most safely trusted with the general protection—the intelligent, or the ignorant?

"For the last fifty years we have been trying the experiment of extending the suffrage in this country; and during all that time, the character of our public men has been steadily deteriorating, and the corruption steadily increasing in our legislative halls. Is there no connection between these facts?"

Our author proceeds to consider the suffrage as an educator, quoting in this connection a saying of the Rev. H. W. Beecher, that "perhaps the government of the city of New York does more moral harm to the people of that city than all the churches do good"—and proceeds to the consideration of universal negro suffrage, the proper mode of treating the Southern states, the proper qualifications for the suffrage, &c.

The following relative to Dr. Franklin's celebrated donkey illustration, may interest our readers:—

THE DONKEY ARGUMENT.

"Dr. Franklin's famous illustration of the absurdity of a property qualification, seems to me more witty than forcible. In a certain state having the small property qualification of $50, a poor man, owning nothing, cannot vote. He manages, however, to save enough by the next election to buy a donkey worth the requisite amount. Now, said the facetious doctor, which votes, the man, or the donkey?

"It might fairly be answered, in the same vein, that perhaps it really matters very little which—the four-legged donkey, or the two-legged one. And further, that perhaps the four-legged donkey were really to be preferred as a voter—the chances being that he at least would half the time vote right; while the two-legged donkey, especially if there were any bad whiskey about, would be pretty certain all the time to vote wrong.

"But, putting badinage aside, if the property qualification has induced the destitute voter of Dr. Franklin's story, to exercise the virtues of industry, sobriety, and economy to that extent, that he has been enabled to buy a donkey, and thus become a voter, has it not done a good service for the man? Having thus obtained the donkey, is he not probably better qualified to be a voter than he was before? And if you make the suffrage so cheap that every ignorant and worthless man can be a voter—instead of making it something of a prize to be valued—have you not removed a strong incentive to improvement? Surely Dr. Franklin could not have thought that a man was fit to be intrusted with a share in determining the destinies of a great republic—to be, if in the majority, a ruler not only of himself but of other men—who had not the requisite sagacity, or industry, or sobriety to acquire the ownership of a common donkey?"

The author sums up his principal conclusions as follows:—

1. That voting, when the voter constitutes one of the majority, is an act of ruling, governing.

2. That the right to govern, not only yourselves, but other men, must, in justice to them, be based upon the possession, in a reasonable degree, of the ability to govern wisely and well.

3. That if too large a proportion of ignorant or worthless men be allowed to vote, the result will be the gradual deterioration, and, finally, the utter ruin of our republican system.

A separate essay, in relation to FEMALE SUFFRAGE, takes ground decidedly against it. But we have not room even to allude to the chief arguments urged in this connection. The following will indicate the drift of his thought in this respect:—

"Except in revolutionary times, which are fortunately exceptional, the questions which politics have generally to do with, are questions of trade, and commerce, and finance, and war, which have a natural and direct relation to the common business pursuits and employments of men as manufacturers, tradesmen, farmers, seamen, and soldiers.

"There may be a few women who naturally take an interest in questions of trade, finance, and internal improvements, and in political disquisitions and national constitutions; but for ninety-nine women in every hundred such questions have no interest. And when it comes to the claim of *universal* suffrage for women, it is not only a question as to whether a few ladies of peculiar talent and culture should vote, but whether the large masses of women, who, intelligent upon other subjects, have no liking for the usual political ones—and, to add to these, your cook and your house-maid, Bridget, and Judy, and Dinah, and the large class of ignorance which they represent—shall all be plunged into the political hedge-podge, to make confusion worse confounded.

"So far from finding fault with the general ignorance of women on political questions, I regard it as being productive of great good to society. It fits woman for being what she otherwise, from her peculiarly sensitive and impulsive temperament, could not easily be, a Peace-maker. Our present national convulsions, agitating society to its very centre, have had, in my opinion, a peculiarly unhappy effect upon our women. Just to think of it—a whole country of angry, warring men, and the women in the two sections the most extreme, the most relentless, the most unforgiving, the most blood-thirsty! Both as to the women of the North and of the South, I fear this is the simple truth, though, of course, both Northerners and Southerners can gild the hard, ugly fact with some pretty, patriotic name.

"We have had the most exciting political controversies in times that are past, and will have them again, upon such questions, and I admit their importance—for what touches a man's means of living touches his life—upon such questions as a National Bank, a Protective Tariff, and Internal Improvements by the general government. Masses of men have been, will be again, excited almost to blows upon subjects like these. Now, the women of the country, being outside of politics, have always preserved a moderate state of feeling upon them, and been able to act as the continual peace-makers of the land. Mr. A. and Mr. B. might be ready to fight about a bank or a tariff, but Mrs. A. and Mrs. B., who thought comparatively little upon the subject, preserved the peace between the two families; and when the political excitement had lulled or passed away, soon brought their respective husbands around to the old point of intimacy or friendship. If the ladies had been voters, and had attended political meetings, and their feelings had once become enlisted, they probably would have quarreled even more bitterly than their husbands, and the quarrel would have been lasting.

"Again; there are other interests in society—especially the Fine Arts, Music, and Literature—which ought to claim a fair share of the common attention. Under the present system, except in very troublous times, the female portion of the community acts as a breakwater against the overflowing and tumultuous sea of politics. 'Do talk of something else besides these everlasting politics!' says the fair queen of the evening; and the gentlemen, who have only been talking politics all day, are compelled to turn their thoughts into new fields, alike to the good of their own minds, and to the healthfulness of their political views, in danger of becoming morbid from too much thought and warmth. The ladies thus stop the politics, and will have music, will have dancing, will have games, nonsense, wit, repartee, and flirting. And in thus acting out their feminine natures, are doing tenfold more good to the gentlemen, to society, and even to legislation itself, than if they all went regularly to the 'Women's Rights' Society,' 'voted your mother-in-law,' as old Weller says, 'in the chair,' and passed resolutions expressive of their high admiration for the reformatory shepherd with the red nose, or their fervent opinion that the gentleman with the black face was even more remarkable for his beauty, virtues, and general intelligence, than his whiter brother.

"I am thus decidedly of the opinion that the Creator made no mistake in making woman just what they are. Of course He could have made them—and our education and social influence can, if we see fit, partly make them—a kind of cross between man and woman, possessing the faults of both, and the virtues of neither.

"I have sometimes thought that the true origin of this woman's rights and voting movement, is to be found in a secret over-admiration of man, and contempt for the peculiar nature and organization of woman. If its leaders were Grecian women of the olden time, I could imagine them complaining to Jupiter that he had created them women, and not that nobler being, man. 'Woman is nothing, O Jupiter! she cannot fight, she cannot command armies, she cannot legislate, she cannot vote. She must stay at and revolve around home, because thou hast appointed her to bear, and nurse, and tend, and educate children. O Jupiter, let us no longer belong to the sex of whose career and destiny we are ashamed; but let us henceforth be men, and legislators, and warriors!'"

We may add that the author also discusses at considerable length the questions of Female Work and Wages.

Midnight Council of War.

The result of the fierce conflict of the first day's fighting in the wilderness had been adverse to the army of the United States. General Lee had flung one wing of his army between our forces and the base of their supplies, which would require another battle to regain them. Each division and corps commander knew this sad condition of affairs. They were all summoned to a council of war, to be held at the headquarters at one o'clock at night. They were the saddest steps ever taken by that band of devoted hearts. Fifteen thousand brave soldiers, dead, or dying, or wounded, were lying on the field hard by.

One after another entered, and after making a noiseless salute silently took their seats. Generals Schofield, Meade, Burnside, Sickles, Howard, and others, I believe were there. Not a word was spoken. A full half hour thus passed by. Their emotions were too deep for utterance. Hopes of millions hung on the decision of that council. At length General Grant asked each one in succession if they had any advice to proffer. Each one answered with a sad monosyllable, *No!* The commander then wrote a few lines and handed the slip to General Meade, and he retired. This was repeated until all were gone, and the General was left alone. One of the staff of a division commander, who was sick, was the last to retire and he is authority for the above. All were ignorant of each other's order. They felt assured that retreat had been directed. Any other alternative would have been believed to be madness. Had they known that the order had been given to advance, instant and universal mutiny would have been raised. That eloquent silence for which he has ever been noted, was the key to his success there. The next morning each corps moved, and General Lee, the instant he saw it, with vehemence exclaimed, "Our enemy have a leader at last, and our cause is lost!" He had bid his officers the night before to let their soldiers sleep long. But now he saw the army, whom he thought utterly defeated, moving round between him and his base of supplies. He hastened to begin retracing his course, and confessed to an artillery officer of the confederate army that the doom of their cause was sealed.

☞ The Central railroad is preparing to carry beef to market in cars lined with cork, a non-conductor of heat. The atmosphere is forced through the car in chambers at both ends, keeping up a constant circulation of cold air.

South American Civilization.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY COSMO.

ARRIVAL OF THE HEBE—FINDING AN OLD FRIEND—FALSE PRETENCES—AN ELOPEMENT—THE CHASE—RUN DOWN—ALL SAVED—ABOARD THE CORVETTE—SURPRISE—A WET WEDDING—FITTING FINALE

We had spent a week in "doing" the Chinchas, in which time we had done them effectually, and ourselves, too, climbing and clambering, and so saturating ourselves and clothing with the pungent powder, that O'Harra suggested the policy of chartering a vessel and shipping the entire party to the United States, offering ourselves to Messrs. Barreda & Brothers, of Baltimore, as the only, and of course best samples of animated ammonia ever obtained from the islands. Dr. Bond contended that as fertilizers we were worth more than we ever should be for anything else—each one of us sufficient to insure an acre of first class fertility.

During the week we had topographized the islands, hydrographized the channels between them, slept two nights in our *falucres*, gone twice over to the main land, and had decided that after giving another day to investigation we would return to Pisco, hand over our clothing to a *lavandiera*, ourselves to a bath and scrubbing brush, and having removed the deposits we would remain quiet until the arrival of the Esmeralda.

During the morning of the day that we had determined to be our last at the Chinchas, there had come in and anchored just clear of the line of merchant ships outside, a fine, saucy-looking British corvette; and wondering greatly what an English man-of-war could want at the Peruvian guano islands, we put on impudence, and determined to call on board as we should go off homeward-bound in the afternoon, and inquire of the captain.

Putting in practice our proposition we were more pleasantly surprised than we had been at any time or anything during our entire tramp. Going alongside at about four P. M., we were politely invited on board by a handsome, noble-looking officer in the full-dress uniform of a post captain in the naval service of "Our sovereign Lady the Queen, by the grace of God," &c., and going in over the gangway, which was manned as if for the reception of the lord high admiral of the blue, with a full guard of red-coated marines drawn up on the deck, who presented arms and paid the salute as we entered, we passed to the quarter-deck, where we were met by the handsome post captain who introduced us first to his ship, H. B. M. Corvette Hebe, next to his ward-room staff, an unexceptionable looking set of gentlemen, from the "first luff" down to Her Majesty's youngest middy; and, lastly, to himself—the Right Honorable Lord Leonard Hardinge. Before the captain had arrived at the latter point, however, Kate O'Harra and Madam Cosmo had him on either hand a close prisoner, and between them unveiling his incognito, presented the gallant post captain as another individual entirely, and an old acquaintance and companion, Harry Fitzmorris, the genial, jolly, happy Hotspur young Englishman, who had joined our party at Santiago, trooped with us through southern Chile, roughed it with us among the Araucanians, explored the great Island of Chiloe, cruised with us to Robinson Crusoe-Land in the Esmeralda, and had finally bidden us *adios* at Valparaiso more than eighteen months previously, with a positive threat of meeting again somewhere before the termination of our wanderings. We had heard at Cobija, in Bolivia, of the arrival of the Hebe in Valparaiso, and also of her having been joined there by her commander, Sir Leonard Hardinge, who had been spending several months in Chile; but we had never once dreamed that the handsome Harry Fitzmorris was an Irish baronet, a post captain in the British navy, commander of the Hebe, and least of all that he was Sir Leonard Hardinge. But thus we found him, and our wonder that in presenting his officers he was able to address so many of us by name existed no longer.

Sir Leonard informed us before going below, that the corvette was bound for the British possessions on the Northwest Coast to convey thither a new governor recently appointed, with his family and several civil officers who were waiting for him at Callao, and after having performed that service the ship would proceed across to Japan, and thence to Borneo, to leave there two missionaries and their wives who were then on board the ship. The reason of his having called in at the Chinchas was that out at sea two or three days previously he had been advised by the captain of a homeward-bound ship of some difficulty at the islands between the commanders of three English ships and the local Peruvian authorities, and he had run in merely to straighten out matters between the belligerents.

Sir Leonard was an old boy of two or three years over thirty, full of music and mischief, and before he was nearly through with his reasons for running in and anchoring there, we detected a mischievous twinkle in his dark blue eyes that begat a guess that settling some insignificant quarrel between the Peruvian authorities and the English captains was not the only motive for running the corvette in behind the Chinchas and anchoring there.

This latent suspicion was confirmed by the conduct of Kate O'Harra, who during Sir Leonard's explanation had been in close and confidential conversation with an unusually fine-looking man of about thirty, wearing the uniform of a naval surgeon, and whom the captain had introduced to us as Dr. Preston. But then as he had also introduced a Surgeon Blake, who wore the full-dress of a senior surgeon like the other, we were somewhat puzzled. Did the Hebe carry two senior surgeons? If so, which was the superior?

When the captain was done speaking, Kate unravelled all the mystery directly by informing us that Surgeon Edward Preston was her cousin, the younger brother of an Irish baronet, heir presumptive to the title and estate, a supernumerary on board the Hebe, having a long leave of absence from the Pacific flag ship, that he was going to Callao, and thence home to Ireland. But there was much mischief plotted and planned between the Irish cousins, whereof Kate told us nothing. It all came to light, however, within twenty four hours.

Capt. Hardinge would have us to dine with him, and would hearken to nothing of our going across to Pisco that evening. We should spend the night with him, and in the morning he had a favor to ask of us. So we went down into the cabin, had an introduction to the two missionary gentlemen, Messrs. Avery and Thayer and their wives, after which as soon as we could prepare ourselves we went to dinner, and then to music, deck promenades and general conversation until a late hour, and finally to our berths.

On the following morning, at the breakfast table, Sir Leonard appeared in a plain serviceable suit, such as he had worn while cruising with us in the Esmeralda, and was once more in every look, word and action, our old jolly *bon compagnon*, Harry Fitzmorris. During breakfast he preferred his request. It was a passage for himself, Surgeon Preston, and two girlish-looking young middies over to Pisco, and back with us the next day. Of course the request was complied with, and an hour later the two swift *falucres* were cutting across towards the main land at the rate of nine miles an hour.

There was much whispering going on during the entire passage between O'Harra, Kate, Sir Leonard and Surgeon Preston. Some mischief unquestionably, but then it was no business of ours, and so they were permitted to proceed unmolested.

We arrived at Pisco before noon—Surgeon Preston and Midshipman Burton left us at the landing, and we saw no more of them during the day. The captain and Midshipman Denver passed the afternoon and night with us, but left our quarters just at gray dawn, accompanied by O'Harra and Kate, without a word of explanation as to whither they were going or when they would return. However, they came in a few minutes before breakfast was ready, accompanied by a pretty young English girl, who, as Sir Leonard informed us, had been living for some time in Pisco, and was going to return to Callao in the Hebe.

Miss Ethel Arlington, as she was introduced to us, was a beautiful featured girl, with dark brown hair, brown eyes and complexion to match, dazzlingly bejewelled and richly clad, looking ten times more like a modern Moorish princess of Andalusian birth than a maiden of merry England. Her pure English speech, however, left no doubt of her claim to British blood and Anglo-Saxon parentage, and so without question or surprise we accepted her as the country woman of the captain.

It had been arranged that we were to sail at eight o'clock, A. M., and so as soon as we had breakfasted we repaired to the little mole where our two packets were moored, finding Preston and the two middies already on board, and in ten minutes we were under sail, standing out before a fine, fresh breeze, blowing directly off the land.

Directly upon getting on board we observed that Miss Ethel Arlington and Mr. Midshipman Burton resembled each other so nearly that but for the difference in name we should have pronounced them brother and sister. As it was, we decided they must be first cousins. We also remarked that while the young lady, sitting next to Mrs. O'Harra, conversed freely upon various topics, the young midshipman, who in coming ashore had been a perfect chatterbox, was so taciturn that during the entire passage of over two hours he had not once spoken, looking all the while shy and timid and cowering like close to the side of Madam Cosmo, who was surprised and almost annoyed by the young gentleman's very close attentions. During the last hour we had observed three small lateen crafts following us at a distance, and also that Sir Leonard, the surgeon, O'Harra, Kate and Miss Arlington cast uneasy glances astern at the pursuing craft, while Midshipman Burton seemed to shiver with terror and cling closer to Madam Cosmo, as if for protection.

We were within a mile of the corvette, and the three *falucres* following us were some four miles astern, coming down in our wake like race horses. A heavy American ship in ballast was running in from the southward under her fore course and three topsails, preparing to come to anchor outside of the Hebe, we standing in square across her course, and our consort crafts following a quarter of a mile on our port quarter.

We were going in bravely, well clear of everything and just ranging across the ship's bows, when a fierce squall that came in a wink without warning struck us all aback. The falucre's halyards fouled, preventing her sails from coming down, the great ship forged ahead like like a locomotive—whang—*crash!* right into and over our cockle shell craft, and there we were, fairly run down, and middies, *marinheiros*, petticoats, post captain, surgeon and all the rest of us split out, sent sprawling and spouting and splashing in the water like so many Newfoundlanders.

"*Ah de mio—Deos me salve!*" screamed Mr. Midshipman Burton, clinging frantically to Madam Cosmo's skirt, and suddenly and singularly enough finding Spanish the readiest invocation. Miss Arlington, who was swimming like a seal, ripped out in regular forecastle parlance, "Blast the bloody Yankee lubber! Why in blue blazes didn't he port his helm and go clear of us?"

We began to see and understand something. But there was no leisure to investigate in that direction. First to get out of the water. The squall went as it came, in a flash, the ship rounded to cleverly and had her boat out directly—our consort come down and we were all fished out uninjured, but very wet.

"Hurra for the ship now!" Sir Leonard sung out so soon as we were all on board the surviving *falucre*. "Hurry and off you go, my jollies. D'ye see those fellows yonder are coming down hand over fist? Be handy, my souls!"

Handy they were, and active, and in five minutes we were all on the quarter deck of the corvette. The three lateens were coming down, no more than a mile away. The two missionaries, their wives and all the ship's officers were on the quarter deck, wondering what it was all about. Everybody wondered more when Sir Leonard laid hold of the little dripping middy, and calling to him Surgeon Preston, sung out to the reverend gentlemen:

"I say you, Messrs. Missionaries, here's a splice to be made. Make it a short one. Bear a hand, for yonder comes the whole Pisco Peruvian pack after the girl. This is her, in Midshipman Burton's togs, Dona Serena Oliveira, run away with by several of us, and a whole fleet of her friends coming down yonder after her. Here you, Surgeon Preston, take the middy maiden and stand by for stays. Stations, everybody. Mr. Thayer, lay hold and stick the strands as fast as ever you can. Sharp's the word! they're getting close aboard of us. I say, Mr. Avery, can't you pitch in and lend a hand? Never mind—we shall head them off on this tack. Hurrah! There you are—man and wife. Viva Senora Serena Preston. Ha! ha! a midshipman bride wot as a swab. I'd have my kiss, though. There you are! All right. Now come on, you beggars, as soon as you please."

Just here a pompous old Don, in military uniform, stood up in one of the *falucres*, now alongside, and demanded the instant surrender of Dona Serena Oliveira, claiming her as his niece.

"No such lady in the ship, general," Sir Leonard said. "Got a Senora Serena Preston here—just married—going to Callao in the corvette—then home to England with her husband. That's all, Senora. So go home—be off with you. Mr. Vining, let us have God Save the Queen, strong."

The full band struck up England's national anthem with a tremendous clang, the bride and ladies the meanwhile getting inside of dry and decent dimity promptly supplied by the kindness of the missionaries' wives. The officers of the corvette furnished us masculines with dry suits. Among us we made up a purse and paid our Pisco patron for his wrecked *falucre*. All was hilarity, hurrah and music and merry making generally, till in due time we went to dinner; and thus terminated, to the satisfaction of all parties, the nautical wedding at the Chinchas.

The Home of Charles Dickens.

BY JOHN D. SHERWOOD.

[Mr. Sherwood is a retired member of the New York Bar, of varied acquirements and literary tastes, who is just now delighting readers of *Hours at Home* by sketches, of which this is one:]

I had just left my letter of introduction and card with a servant at the door, and was proceeding down the short walk between the house and the gate leading into the street, when I heard my name pronounced by a female voice, gentle and cultured in its tones.

Turning, I saw in the doorway a young, lady-like figure, and a face beaming with full, ripe health.

It was Mrs. Dickens.

Frank, but modest in manner, with marked heart-warm cordiality, yet with a well-bred, wifery air, her greeting was of that friendly tone which makes you feel, although a stranger, as if you had been long expected, and was unmistakably welcome.

Conveying Mr. Dickens's regrets at his inability to see me then, owing to his illness and the doctor's prohibition of visitors, she expressed his and her own hope that these would soon cease.

As she spoke, a sweet little uproar of children's voices arose from an adjoining room. Quickly catching it, she apologized for it with an apparently concealing, but manifest motherly pride, so natural and engaging, which in tone defends, while in language it condemns the childish frolic and glee.

"They are our little ones," she said. "As I teach them myself—preferring to do so at their tender ages—they will, you know, children-like, take advantage of the school-madam's absence."

Such was my winsome introduction to

THE HOME OF CHARLES DICKENS.

It was in a quiet street, near Regent's Park, in the West End of London—a neighborhood sought by people of cultivated tastes and moderate means. The neat brick house of two and-a-half stories, with a curved front, was one of a row of residences of the same size and appointments, which were only not elegant for want of size. A velvet little grass-plat lay like a large, green mat between the house and the street, from which last it was separated by a solid wall pierced by a well locked gate.

Nothing so much strikes an American in England as these ever-present, tiresome stone walls and barred gates, which vigilantly guard every, even the meanest house, as a banker's safe the valuables of its proprietor. These homes thus intrenched, are literal Epitomes of English Law—the "Castles" where the owner may, but the king may not enter—domestic Towers, begirt with significant warnings of privacy. Here, shut in from intrusion or reach, are the richest treasures of an Englishman; amid which he retires and holds his court, whence all who are unbidden are kept far, far off, and where those who are invited share a welcome and cheer unknown in any other country, our own excepted—Epitomes, too, are these—Emphasized Compendiums of English Life—inside aglow with all the comforts which wealth can converge around itself—kept from the grasp and seizure of hungry, wolf-like Need and Crime, which prowl outside around the inclosure.

This neat, cottage-like house was Dickens's first home—then bright with the presence of a wife whom he had married after the first full burst of literary applause had come up from all England, as "The Sketches by Boz" and "The Pickwick Papers" appeared—the first home that he had made for himself. He had come up to London as a lad from his father's house at Portsmouth—that seaport where he had made the acquaintance of the Captain Cuttles, Jack Bunsbys, and other sailor characters that move in his books with such vivid, flesh-and-blood reality. In London he had lived as a law student in various places, in such chambers and stowaway places as boys straggle into, who, alone in a large city, are left to themselves with little money, and with as little liking, perhaps, for the studies they are put to. Quitting, after a time, these studies, to him so uncongenial, and which were not quite wholly profitless, because they enable him subsequently to carry on the great suit of Bardell vs. Pickwick, he betook himself to reporting police matters for the daily True Sun and Morning Chronicle, during which period he bestowed himself in such initial places and quarters as those ill-paid scavengers and purveyors grope nightly to in London.

At last the sculpturesque delineations of Underground Life in the Metropolis—the timbres, veiled descriptions of its many phased crimes—collected and grouped in a book, and illustrated by his friend Browne, had concentrated upon him public attention, and opened the cornucopia o' the English reading world, whose wide mouth has never since ceased to drop its full weighted sovereigns into his lap. He married—mating, as he felt, thoroughly and well. Children came into that comfortable Home with their romps and plays. The children of his imagination increased even more rapidly. No Home in England was then happier—for it had every element that could make up the warm, rich threads which seemed inwoven so beautifully in the warp and woof of his intellectual, social and domestic life. No name stood out more prominently among the most honored; no brain in England worked so happily—and so successfully—in its creations, and in pecuniary results.

In this house Dickens had lived ever since his marriage.

At the time of the visits of which I am now speaking, he was just preparing to make his hurried trip to this country—a trip comprised between January and June; cramming himself with all sorts of information to fit himself for observing and for writing the "American Notes," which he was then under contract to produce within the coming eight months.

His study was piled with Marryatt's, Trollope's, Fidler's, Hall's, and other Travels in and Descriptions of America, and blazed with highly-colored maps of the United States, whose staring blues, reds, and yellows, so much in contrast with the colorless maps of Europe, greatly amused him.

"I could light my cigar against the red-hot State of Ohio," he said.

He was anxiously in quest of knowledge respecting this country—desiring to bring within the compass of his brief stay here as wide a reach of space, and as great a variety of subjects, as possible. He expressed his inability to go into the Gulf States, as his policy of life insurance forbade it—an interdict which he had, he said, in vain endeavored to remove.

Speaking of the character of the books which had been written by travellers in America, he remarked the general tendency to draw wide national conclusions from isolated exceptional facts—to charge the nation with the peculiarities of a few individuals met by chance on steamboats and railroad cars.

"There is a great temptation to give all the funny or dramatic incidents one meets in travel—to set out individual grotesqueness—single exaggerations as types—or if not ostentatiously to exhibit them, at least to leave them as types or indices of the average national character. I can go in almost any part of England and find people, scenes, classes, and conversations precisely like these exceptional cases, set down as specimens of American life in general; and yet I know that while these exceptional cases are English, they might just as well and easily be found in Germany, Russia, America, or in any civilized part of the world." "No doubt," he continued, "there are types of character that take on a national hue and color. The Sam Slicks—the western jokes and sayings in your newspapers—the large, exaggerated expressions, taking the proportions of a continent, even when dealing with neighborhood or private matters—these are exclusively American—unmistakably belonging to the genus Yankee. Should you search through every variety of English literature you could not match them."

"What strikes you in London?" he inquired; "for what impresses a stranger, are the peculiarities—the points that separate it, by contrast, from his own country? One may thus travel, without quitting his own house; for the main object of leaving the comforts of a home is to learn the differences between those among whom one lives; the objects, architecture, the social features about you, and those of other nations. The comments of a German on England are the best descriptions of Germany. If you tell me how London strikes you, you but mention wherein New York differs from it. What is common to the two is neither New York nor London."

The vast masses of London were mentioned as arresting the attention of a visitor from a country then having no cities comparable with the English capital in size: and the stony indifference with which this mass, daily triturated in the same common mortar, regarded its composing atoms, was also remarked. "Yes, that must be so. In the country every man and horse is observed—the coats of both are known along the whole road. In a village, the appearance of a stranger is discussed at every tea-table. In a city where ninety-nine per cent. are strangers to everybody, people would as soon read the Directory as to stop and observe every new face they encountered."

The sharp contrasts of London life were mentioned; the existence of classes, which, in poverty, personal degradation, and obliteration of all moral features in their foul faces, were wholly unknown in our larger land. On this account, the visitor went on to say, it was difficult for an untravelled American to comprehend that the portraitures drawn in his works were transcripts of actual characters. What he read indoors, life-like and breathing though it was, he never found outdoors in the street or under them. The question was then asked whether his characters were drawn from actual life, and whether the places and incidents in his novels were sketched from nature.

"In answering this question, I may say that I have never transferred any character or scene entire; but this I can aver, that there is scarcely a character or description the nucleus and substantial body of which was not furnished from reality. I was a police reporter—perhaps you know. As such, and pursuing my own vagrant inquiries, I have been over every part—in almost every nook, alley and den in London; I have been through lanes—and such there are—which you could not pass through in broad daylight, with anything safe in your pockets; where I used to put my gloves and handkerchiefs in my hat, and took especial pains to keep my hat from being knocked off, as it certainly would have been had its contents been suspected. From the police officers, and these various rambles, I got very many outline hints. It is difficult always to tell where a particular character, as it is finally left, comes from. Of course it must be suggested by something seen, met or read of; but, in passing through the mental laboratory, its constituents are put together and colored so subtly and curiously that it is difficult to decompose the various elements."

Various topics were broached—frank an unrestrained allusions made to persons, living co temporaries on both sides the water; and subjects still unsettled into history, interplayed through the flitting phases of conversation. To draw these from the sheltering veil of private life, the law which I have prescribed to myself forbids.

Geniality, kindness of heart, and natural humor, which glinted out just as a brook sings, marked Mr. Dickens's manner and conversation. One easily learned in looking into the depths o' his black eyes, emitting a steady light or flashing a sudden glow over his face, then pale and marked in all its lines by deep sensibility, the source of that inspiration which lifts up lowly life, which hates and smites class injustice, and brands so incisively the sleek self-complacency of well-fed social pride.

As he sat, chatily pouring out ready thoughts, and shedding a sunny humor over them as these thoughts reached forward and down into philosophic generalization, or shimmered in genial play along topics momentarily started up and pleasantly dismissed, it was manifest that Dickens did not hoard up his mental jewels for his works. He has no need of such frugality. From his quick, prodigal mind he can afford to throw lavishly out the pearls which each new wave brings to the shore.

* * * * *

Nine years ago this Home was destroyed. Its heads went forth from its shelter in different directions, each surrounded by some of the children—each holding tightly together lips which, as if closed by iron bands, then and since steadily refused to gratify the public curiosity as to the causes of that separation. Whatever were the elements which contributed to this sad termination of a union which stretched through twenty years, none, who have partaken of the hospitalities of that Home, can feel aught but the keenest sorrow and grief. No wreck of empire, no field of ruined columns strewn with friezes, capitals, and plinths, with emptied shrines and broken altars, is so touchingly, overwhelmingly sad. A Home whence death draws some of its members to the silent churchyard, only lends new attractions for those who remain towards the heavenly home, and only sheds a more tender sympathy and a deeper love among the survivors. But a Home whence the inmates go—all living—with faces sternly averted, and at whose portals the angel plants the flaming sword, gathers around it all the gloom of a pagan burial; for the past is not, and there is no future.

☞ Leniency seems to be the order of the day in Europe. On the same day we hear that the Emperor Alexander has suspended all further confiscations in Poland, and that the Emperor of Austria has granted a general amnesty to all political offenders, including even Kossuth.

FITS! FITS! FITS!

Persons laboring under this distressing malady will find HANCE'S Epileptic Pills to be the only remedy ever discovered for

CURING EPILEPSY OR FALLING FITS.

Read the following remarkable cure:

PHILADELPHIA, June 29, 1866.

To Seth S. Hance, Baltimore, Md.

DEAR SIR:—Seeing your advertisement in the Saturday Evening Post, I was induced to try your Epileptic Pills. I was attacked with epilepsy in July, 1863. Immediately my family physician was summoned, but he could give me no relief from the medicines he prescribed. I then consulted another physician, but I seemed to grow worse. I then tried the treatment of another, but without any good effect. I again returned to my family physician, was cupped and bled at several different times. I was generally attacked without any premonitory symptoms. I had from two to five fits in a day, at about intervals of two weeks. I was often attacked in my sleep and would fall wherever I would be or whatever I would be occupied with, and was severely injured several times from the falls. I was affected so much that I lost all confidence in myself. I also was affected in my business, and I consider that your Epileptic Pills cured me. In February, 1865, I commenced to use your Pills. I only had two attacks afterward. The last one was on 5th of April, 1865, and they were of a less serious character. With the blessing of Providence, your medicine was made the instrument by which I was cured of that distressing affliction. I think that the pills and their good effects should be made known everywhere, so that persons who are similarly afflicted may have the benefit of them. Any persons wishing any information, will obtain it by calling at my residence, 836 North Third street, Philadelphia, Pa.

WM. ELDER.

Sent to any part of the country by mail, free of postage. Address SETH S. HANCE, 108 Baltimore street, Baltimore, Md. Price—one box, $3; two, $5; twelve, $27. jy 6-eow10t

Dr. Radway's Pills (Coated) Are Infallible As a Purgative and Purifier of the Blood.

BILE.

Bile in the Stomach can be suddenly eliminated by one dose of the Pills—say from four to six in number. When the Liver is in a torpid state, when species of acrid matter from the blood or a serous fluid should be overcome, nothing can be better than Radway's Regulating Pills. They give no unpleasant or unexpected shock to any portion of the system; they purge easily, are mild in operation, and, when taken, are perfectly tasteless, being elegantly coated with gum. They contain nothing but purely vegetable properties, and are considered by high authority the best and finest purgative known. They are recommended for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Kidneys, Nervous Diseases, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Bilious Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and symptoms resulting from Disorders of the Digestive Organs. Price, 25 cents per box. Sold by Druggists.

mar 16-eow tf

HALLOCK'S OINTMENT, rubbed vigorously over the Chest and Throat, will cure in a single night Coughs, Colds and Catarrh; for the last rub it freely over forehead and nose. It never fails to cure. Manufactory, 56 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 20th of June, by the Rev. Pennel Coombe, Mr. LOUIS P. BUTTERWORTH to Miss LOUISE HARROT, both of this city.

On the 16th of March, by the Rev. Wm. Catheart, Mr. JOHN S. ADAMS, of this city, to Miss KATE O'DONNELL, of Wilmington, Del.

On the 25th of June, by the Rev. A. Manship, Mr. JOHN H. YERGAY to Miss MARY A. LUKE, both of this city.

On the 24th of June, by the Rev. E. W. Hutter, D. D., Mr. ROBERT M. HUEBLER to Miss MARY H. RENTZ, both of this city.

On the 20th of June, by the Rev. Wm. Cooper, D. D., GEORGE WILLIAMS, Jr., to ELLA V. REINS, both of this city.

On the 17th of July last, by the Rev. Saml. Burbecow, JAMES SMITH to FREDERIKA SINNHEIMER, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 25th of June, SARAH J., relict of the late Jonathan Leedom, in her 56th year.

On the 24th of June, JOHN BLOOMER, in his 68th year.

On the 25th of June, MARIA, wife of John Thorp, in her 71st year.

On the 23d of June, WILLIAM B. ERWIN, in his 49th year.

On the 23d of June, Mrs. AMANDA V. PATTERSON, in her 42d year.

On the 2nd of June, Mrs. HANNAH MEREDITH, in her 90th year.

On the 22d of June, GEORGE W. COUTTS, aged 37 years.

On the 22d of June, JOHN HELLERMAN, Sr., in his 72d year.

On the 21st of June, Mrs. MARGARET WILSON, in her 68th year.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Unequalled Inducements.

Beautiful Premium Engraving.

The proprietors of the "eldest and best of the weeklies" offer unequalled inducements to those who incur the labor of making up clubs, as well as to those who remit, as single subscribers, the full subscription price.

A large and beautiful steel line engraving, 26 inches long by 20 inches wide, possessing all the softness and peculiar charm of Mezzotint, called

"One of Life's Happy Hours,"

will be sent *gratis* to every single ($2.50) subscriber, and to every person sending on a club. The great expense of this Premium will, we trust, be compensated by a large increase of our subscription list.

The contents of THE POST shall consist, as heretofore, of the very best original and selected matter that can be procured—

STORIES, SKETCHES, ESSAYS,

ANECDOTES, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, RECEIPTS, NEWS, LETTERS, from the best native and foreign sources, &c., &c., &c.

NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

THE POST is exclusively devoted to Literature, and therefore does not discuss political or sectarian questions. It is a common ground, where all can meet in harmony, without regard to their views upon the political or sectarian questions of the day.

TERMS.

Our terms are the same as those of that well-known magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:

One copy (with the large Premium Engraving) $2.50
1 copy of The Post and 1 of The Lady's Friend and one engraving, - - - - - 4.00

OUR SEWING MACHINE PREMIUM.

We still continue our offer of a Wheeler & Wilson's No. 3 Sewing Machine, such as Wheeler & Wilson sell for $55.00, to any one sending on a list of 30 subscribers at $2.50 each. We will also send this Machine on the old terms of twenty subscribers and sixty dollars (that is, ten dollars *in addition* to the amount of the subscription price) if desired. And we will send any of the higher priced Wheeler & Wilson's Machines, if the difference in price is also remitted. Every subscriber on the above Premium lists will receive, in addition to his magazine or paper, a copy of the large Premium engraving, "One of Life's Happy Hours." The regular club subscribers do not receive this engraving, unless they remit one dollar extra for it.

THE PAPERS OR MAGAZINES will be sent to different Post-Offices when desired.

REMITTANCES.—In remitting, name at the top of your letter, your post-office, county, and state. If possible, procure a post-office order on Philadelphia. If a post-office order cannot be had, get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, *payable to our order*. If a draft cannot be had, send United States notes. Do not send money by the Express Companies, unless you pay their charges. Address

HENRY PETERSON & CO.,
No. 319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

☞ Specimen copies will be sent postpaid on the receipt of five cents.

WAITING.

I have waited while primroses faded;
I have waited till violets are dead,
Till the thickening buds on the chestnut boughs
Grew leafy and full overhead.

Time's gray has passed over my tresses,
And lines on my temples are sown;
I have waited till harvest is gathered,
And the white summer clover is mown.

I have waited long under the elm-trees,
Till the green of the beeches grows brown;
I have waited while leaves of the lindens
In autumn come flattering down.

I have waited through light and through dark-
I have waited in sunshine and rain;
I have waited for one who may never
I am waiting from the rough sea again.
Come back from

Irish Ingratitude.

During a recent visit to London, an Irish lady defending her country with characteristic bull-making propensities by a witty cerning it.

was one day wrath against charges made con-

English," he at length exclaimed, "if you won't

"You commit bulls, you must, at all events, allow, that you commit an outrageous number confederacies!"

of Granted," cried the Irish girl; "yet even murders are not so atrocious in their character as your English ones."

"Oh, now, now!" broke in the gentleman, mischievously, "only listen to this girl defending her murders!"

"No," she replied, "not defending, but comparing them. It is seldom you hear of an Irishman staining his own hearthstone with blood, if his wife offend him; a few hard words, or at the most a few hard blows are her punishment; but if the English boor's wife offend him, very likely she will go to-bed to-night to rise in the morning and find her throat cut."

On another occasion, when acknowledging some compliments paid her by a young Englishwoman, this same lady exclaimed: "Ah! my dear Lizzie, how kind of you to think so highly of me as you do! How different you are from other ill-natured girls I know."

☞ Two gentlemen were recently standing on the deck of a steamer bound from Liverpool to New York, engaged in an earnest conversation, when the wind suddenly lifted his cap from the head of one of them, and sent it riding on the crest of a "wild wave." "There!" exclaimed the other, as the owner made a futile grab at his property; "you can't go into business now!" "Why so?" asked the gentleman. "Because you have no *cap at all*," replied the other.

☞ Edmund About, the well-known author, says: "There are two things in this world which a man does not often find away from home: the first is good soup; the second is disinterested love."

SHAPES OF A SOUL.

BY SARAH M. B. PIATT.

White with the starlight folded in its wings,
And nestling timidly against your love,
For this soft time of hushed and glimmering things,
You call my soul a dove,—a snowy dove.

If I shall ask you in some shining hour,
When bees and odors through the clear air pass,
You'll say my soul buds as a small flushed flower,
Far off, half hiding, in the old home-grass.

Ah, pretty names for pretty moods; and you,
Who love me, such sweet shapes as these can see;
But take it from its sphere of bloom and dew,
And where will then your bird or blossom be?

Could you but see it, by life's torrid light,
Crouch in its sands and glare with fire-red wrath,
My soul would seem a tiger, fierce and bright
Among the trembling passions in its path.

And could you sometimes watch it coil and glide,
And drag its colors through the dust a while,
And hiss its poison under foot, and hide,
My soul would seem a snake—ah, do not smile!

Yet fiercer forms and viler it can wear;
No matter, though, when there are of the Past,
If as a lamb in the Good Shepherd's care,
By the still waters it lie down at last.

—"*The Galaxy.*"

Napoleon's Mother.

Corsica is an island in the Mediterranean Sea, containing about a quarter of a million inhabitants. Its people are mostly of Italian origin, and the products of the island are cattle, timber, honey, wax and olive oil. Owing to the careless and unscientific agriculture, the people are generally poor; and few, even of the nobility, are able to live in a liberal style. The great majority of the inhabitants are ignorant and superstitious, and they have been distinguished, for many ages, for a certain turbulence and ferocity of character. As they have never been powerful enough to maintain their independence, nor willing to submit to a foreign Power, the island has been the seat of wars, intrigues, and civil dissensions.

The maiden name of the mother of Napoleon was Letizia Ramolino. She was born in Corsica, of a respectable but not opulent family, and was married in her sixteenth year to Carlo Bonaparte, a Corsican gentleman of her own rank. About the time of her marriage, the people of Corsica, led by the heroic Pascal Paoli, resolved to throw off their allegiance to Genoa, and become an independent State. They succeeded for ten years in maintaining the struggle; nor would they have again been subject to a foreign dominion if Genoa had not sold her rights to France, and thus secured the overthrow of the patriotic party.

Carlo Bonaparte was one of Paoli's bravest and most trusted officers—a man wise in counsel and brave in the field. His young wife, Letizia, shared both his sentiments and his perils. On one occasion, it is related, when the Corsicans had been defeated in battle, she was obliged to fly with her husband to the mountain fastnesses in the interior of the island. She rode on horseback, and carried in her arms an infant son. As the enemy were in hot pursuit, the march was swift, perilous, and painful. Crossing a river one day, her horse lost its footing, and it appeared to those on shore that she could only save her own life by letting go the child. The soldiers cried to her to do so; but, with a prodigious effort, she regained her saddle, and managed her horse so well that she brought her infant safe to shore, amid the shouts of her comrades.

The child that she carried in her arms that day was Joseph, her first born, who was afterwards King of Spain.

Peace was declared a few weeks after this flight, and Carlo Bonaparte returned to Ajaccio with his little family. This was in the month of June, 1769. One day in the following August, Madame Bonaparte's second son (Napoleon) was born. It is a curious fact that Napoleon narrowly escaped being born a subject of the King of England. If the British Government had been prompt to succor Paoli, as was expected, Corsica had been a British island, and Napoleon, perhaps, a British officer. In due time, Madame Bonaparte became the mother of thirteen children—the youngest of whom was born when she was but thirty-four years of age. Of these thirteen children, eight lived to maturity.

It was from his mother that Napoleon Bonaparte derived the force if not the talent which enabled him to become the conqueror of Europe. He himself said of her: "She had the head of a man on the shoulders of a woman; she administered everything with a degree of sagacity not to be expected from her age or sex. Her tenderness was joined with severity. She punished, rewarded, all alike; the good, the bad, nothing escaped her. Losses, privations, fatigue, had no effect upon her; she endured all, braved all. Ah! what a woman! Where look for her equal?"

And at St. Helena he said: "My mother had a grand character; force and elevation of soul, and a noble pride. She watched with a solicitude unexampled over the first impressions. Unworthy sentiments withered in her presence. She instructed her children only in what was grand and elevated. Falsehood she held in abhorrence, and every other trait which indicated base tendencies. She knew how to punish, and how to reward; she watched narrowly over everything that concerned her children."

The portraits we have of her appear to justify this description. She had a remarkably long head, and that long, firm-set nose which indicates strength of character; and there is in her countenance an expression of serenity, high breeding, and self-control, which marks the superior woman.

In her thirty-fifth year, her husband was seized with a disease hereditary in his family—cancer in his stomach, of which Napoleon himself died. He went to France for medical aid, and proceeded as far as Montpelier, near the place where his son, Napoleon, was pursuing his military studies. Napoleon was summoned from the military school to his father's dying bed, and arrived just after he had breathed his last.

The Bonaparte family was not rich, but their little income was so carefully administered by the young mother that it sufficed for their wants. Joseph, the eldest of her children, was nearly eighteen when she lost her husband. Napoleon was sixteen; Lucien and Eliza were old enough to go to school in France; but her four youngest children were still at home.

Almost all the life of Madame Bonaparte was a storm. When the French Revolution was raging, the people of Corsica, instigated by the venerable Paoli, declared against the republic of Robespierre; and Ajaccio was the only town on the island which refused to lower the French colors. The Bonapartes sided with the republic. When Paoli and his followers marched on Ajaccio, the elder sons of the family were absent from the island; but the mother proved herself equal to the occasion. Roused from her slumbers at midnight, she found her room filled with armed men from the mountains of Corsica, who had come to warn her of the approach of the patriot army, and to convey her to the mountains.

"Make haste, Signora Letizia," exclaimed the chief of the band; "Paoli's men are close on us. There is not a moment to lose; but here I am with my men; we will save you or perish."

The mother and her children rose from their beds, and were soon on the march. By daybreak they had reached a place of safety in the mountains, which commanded a view of the ocean and of the city they had left. In the course of the day smoke was seen rising in dense columns from the town.

"It is your house that is on fire," said one of the mountaineers to Madame Bonaparte.

"Ah, never mind," she gayly replied, "we will build it up again much better. *Vive la France!*"

From a mountain height, two days after, a French frigate was descried; and the Bonapartes hastened to the shore and went on board of her, where, to their inexpressible relief, they found Joseph and Napoleon. The frigate changed her course, and landed the family of exiles at Marseilles, destitute of resources, but rich in health and in the indomitable courage of the mother. Joseph and Napoleon had only the pay of lieutenants, which was barely sufficient for their own support, and the exiles were so poor that they were glad to receive the rations of bread distributed by the City Government to the Corsican refugees. The Abbe Fesch, the brother of Madame Bonaparte, whom Napoleon afterwards made a Cardinal, had accompanied the family from Corsica. As no people were so abhorred by the Republicans as priests, the abbe was compelled to conceal his priestly garb, and to earn his livelihood as a keeper of military stores. Such was the condition, in 1793, of a family which, six years later, gave a chief to France. Even then, while Madame Bonaparte was receiving alms from the Corporation of Marseilles, Napoleon was at Toulon, where he gave the first proofs of his military genius, and where he performed the deeds which led to his promotion.

When Napoleon was appointed to command the army of Italy, he assigned to his mother a portion of his pay, sufficient for her decent maintenance, and thus raised her at once from indigence to dignity and comfort. Soon after this she removed, with her little children, to Paris; and there she was residing, in the family of her son Joseph, when Napoleon seized the supreme authority.

Her bearing on that decisive day, which she knew must either bring her son to the scaffold or raise him to a throne, has been described by a lady who was with her during the critical hours: "She appeared calm, though far from easy; for her extreme patience, and the convulsive movements she made whenever an unexpected noise met her ear, gave her features a ghastly air. In these moments she appeared to me truly like the mother of the Gracchi. She had three sons under the stroke of fate, one of whom would probably receive the blow, even if the others escaped. This she felt most forcibly. My mother and myself remained with her a part of that tantalising day, and only left her on the restoration of her confidence by Lucien's messengers, who were frequently sent to calm her disquiet."

For our part, we do not believe that this strong and far-seeing woman ever fully believed in the fortunes of her brilliant son. When Napoleon was crowned Emperor, he settled upon her an income of £60,000 a year, assigned her a sumptuous palace in Paris, gave her a separate Court, and bestowed upon her the title of Madame Mere. But she was not at all inclined to maintain a costly establishment. She still practiced the economical habits which adversity had taught her, and endeavored to form a store for the relief of her children, if ever again they should need her assistance. No one knows a son as a wise mother knows him. As if foreseeing his downfall, she was always preparing for the evil day; and, as we all knew, her prognostications proved to be correct. In 1814, when the Allies banished Napoleon to Elba, she was allowed to retain her title and part of her income—£10,000 a year. Before leaving Paris, with the Empress, Marie Louise, she prudently drew from the French treasury her arrears of revenue, amounting to £16,000. She visited her son at Elba, and attended a ball given there on his birth-day. When Napoleon left Elba to seize again the throne of France, she retired to Rome, safe from the impending storm of war. At Rome she heard the news of Waterloo, and sent to offer the defeated Emperor the whole of her immense wealth to assist in restoring his fortunes. So said Napoleon at St. Helena.

"And for me," he added, "she would without a murmur have doomed herself to live on black bread. Loftiness of sentiment still reigned paramount in her breast; pride and noble ambition were not subdued by avarice."

When Count Las Cases returned from St. Helena with the false story that the Emperor was suffering for want of the common conveniences of life, the answer she returned was, "My whole fortune is at my son's disposal."

What an affecting appeal was that which this mother made on behalf of her son to the allied sovereigns who held him captive:

"Sires," she wrote, in the fourth year of Napoleon's exile, "I am a mother, and my son's life is dearer to me than my own. In the name of Him whose essence is goodness, and of whom your imperial and regal majesties are the image, I entreat you to put a period to his misery, and to restore him to liberty. For this I implore God, and I implore you who are His vicegerents on earth. Reasons of state have their limits; and posterity, which gives immortality, adores above all things the generosity of conquerors."

It was she also who, in 1819, when Napoleon expressed a wish to have the assistance of a Catholic priest, bore the expenses of sending two priests to St. Helena, who were selected by her brother, Cardinal Fesch.

Madame Bonaparte lived to the venerable age of eighty-six. At Rome, whence she never removed after her return from Elba, she maintained an unostentatious establishment. Even in her eightieth year traces of her former beauty appeared in her majestic countenance. The last years of her life were spent in retirement, to which only a few intimate friends were admitted; and she died, as she had lived, a devout and zealous member of the Catholic Church. Her death occurred at Rome, in the year 1836, and at Rome her remains still repose.

The Man-Wolf.

A correspondent of the Lynn Reporter furnishes the following as recently stated by Rev. Dr. Butler, pastor of the Walnut Street Methodist Church, in Chelsea:

It will be remembered that Dr. B. was at the head of the Methodist Missions in India, from their establishment in 1856 to 1866, when he returned to this country and to the pastoral work in the Methodist Episcopal Conference.

In 1859, a soldier was bearing a dispatch from one magistrate to another, in the kingdom of Oude. In his journey it was convenient for him to shorten his distance by taking a cross road, little travelled. Passing near a ravine, he observed therein a pack of wolves, and with them, as a member of the company, a human being. He turned back immediately, and reported to the magistrate in whose employ he was travelling. The latter at once mustered a number of coolies, and returned with the soldier to the place, when the pack fled a short distance, and ran into a sort of cave or den. The coolies began to dig, and soon got hold of the feet of the wild men. They drew him forth, and succeeded in binding him and carrying him to town. Dr. Butler has seen him many times. He says he is evidently a man—a veritable man—and was, at the time of his capture, apparently twenty-four years of age. He was violently opposed to any kind of attire, and it was only after very long persistence by his captors that he ceased to tear to shreds any and every garment put upon him. He is now kept by a gentleman in the city of Shahjehampore, some eight hundred miles west of Calcutta. He was not willing to eat anything but raw meat, when first captured. He has never been able to speak, nor to make any approximation to a knowledge of the alphabet. He expresses his annoyance, if one looks sharply or earnestly at him, by a half-uttered grunt, and immediately turns away and settles down upon his haunches in a corner of the room, or lies flat down. He eats his food off the ground; and, in fact, though he is evidently a real human being, and nothing else, he has the habits and apparently the instincts of a wolf.

Dr. Butler's theory of the case I will give presently; but first I ought to say that this is one of four cases which are known to have occurred in India, all presenting the same general facts. Wolves abound in India. The inhabitants live wholly in villages and cities. At the approach of night all persons employed in the open country retire to these clusters of houses or huts, and these animals have free range. It frequently happens that a wolf steals into a house and carries off a child; so frequently, indeed, that upon the schedules furnished for marking and reporting the weekly mortality in each place, and the cause of death in each case, one column is headed "Carried off by wolves."

Now, the theory of the case under notice, and of course the three others, is this: A she-wolf—a mother-wolf—carried off this person when he was a child. Before she had begun to devour her prey, the child instinctively searched about its body for his food. When it began to draw its nourishment it awoke in the wolf the maternal yearnings which led to the sparing and the nourishment of its life, and thus it lived and grew. This is all marvellous, to be sure; but it is absolutely the only possible theory, as it seems to me. But the great wonder is in the fact that a human being, associating only with wild beasts during its minority, can never thereafter be made to assert his own manhood; that reason, taste, discrimination, speech, analysis and the moral sense, are palsied forever. There are teachings here, touching the power of education and early association, proclaiming their marvellous reach and power, which no homilies have ever conveyed.

WHAT IS THE USE.

BY LESLIE WALTER.

Oh what is the use of your sighing,
Sorrowful, sorrowful heart,
Since his shall no longer know it,
Living and loving apart?

What is the use of your blooming,
Beautiful, beautiful rose,
Since he is not here to see you
Or mark when your buds unclose?

What is the use of your shining,
Sun of the cloudless day,
Since you only mark the hours
That draw him farther away?

What is the use of your flowing,
Changeable, changeable sea,
Since he shall walk beside you
Never again with me?

For the rose shall droop and wither,
And the dull waves ebb from shore,
And the sun go down in darkness
And he shall return no more.

Brightness and bloom and beauty
Are over for him and for me.
Father! when comes the hour
That shall set the prisoner free?

☞ While trudging along one day all alone, a soldier met a Methodist circuit-rider, and at once recognized him as such, but affected ignorance of it. Preacher—"What command do you belong to?" Soldier—"I belong to the —th Texas regiment, Van Dorn's army. What army do you belong to?" P.—(Very solemnly) "I belong to the army of the Lord!" S.—"My friend, you've got a very long way from headquarters!"

☞ Out of dread of a conflagration similar to that which destroyed the greater part of Portland last year, Boston, Providence, Worcester and other New England cities have positively forbidden the fireworks nuisance on the approaching Fourth of July.

Notes on Foreign Beds.

It is curious to notice the habits of different nations in regard to beds. However dress, food, manners, cooking, political conditions, may vary in other countries, the beds differ as notably as anything does. In Eastern nations the bed is often nothing but a carpet, and is carried about and spread in any convenient spot, and the tired native lies down in his clothes. We remember a child who used to be puzzled with those miracles of our Saviour, who, in restoring an impotent man, directed him to take up his bed and walk—his idea of a bed consisting in a four-post bedstead, with its palliasse, mattress, and feather bed, besides blankets, sheets, and pillows. But even in very cold countries the beds are closely allied to the Eastern carpet. In taking a furnished house in Russia, on inquiring for the servants' bedrooms and beds, which did not appear in the inventory on our surveying the apartments, it comes out that the Russian servants are in the habit of lying anywhere—in the passages, on the floors, on the mats at the room doors, or even on the carpets in the sitting-rooms—generally as near as possible to the stoves in the winter season. The Emperor himself sleeps on a leather sofa, in a sitting-room, lying down in a dressing-gown, but not removing his under-clothing. But in Russia the houses are kept so warm, by the system of stoves through the walls, that much bed-covering is no more required in winter than during the heats of summer. In Germany the construction of the beds gives one the impression that the Germans do not know what it is to lie down. The bedstead is a short wooden case; there is a mattress extending from head to foot, but so formed that at the halfway the upper end is made to slope at an angle of considerable elevation, and upon this are two enormous down pillows, which reach from the head of the bed halfway down to the feet; consequently the occupant of the bed lies at an angle of at least 45 degrees, and is nearly in a sitting posture all night. In some parts of Germany there are no blankets; there is a sheet to lie on and another over it, which is tacked to a quilt wadded with down; and this is the entire covering, with the exception of a sort of bed, or thick eider-down quilt, but not quilted, which is placed on the top, and which unless the sleeper is very quiet in his sleep, is usually found on the floor in the morning. In hot weather there is no medium; either a sheet is the only covering, or one of those over-warm eider-downs.—*All the Year Round.*

An Opportune Arrival.

In the year 1849, I was engaged collecting outstanding debts due the *Apalachian*, a paper published in Blairsville, Indiana county, Pa., and my business led me to the Cherry Tree, at the headwaters of the Susquehanna river. It was in May, and the flowers were out in all their pristine beauty. The water in the river was still pretty high, and I had ridden some distance along the bank when my path diverged from the river side some distance, and then suddenly came back to the margin, just where the river took a turn and the water deepened. As I approached, I heard some one sobbing and crying in the greatest distress, and on looking down to the river I discovered a young girl, apparently about fifteen or sixteen years of age, and remarkably good-looking, wringing her hands and moaning in the most deplorable manner. I asked her what was the matter, and between her sobs I made out the following:

"I was playing on this—log—and—my baby fell into the water, and—the—there it does down th—there."

And upon looking down the stream about four or five yards from the shore, there floated a child, its one little hand raised above the rippling waves, while its little head and face bobbed up and down with every curve of the water. Without a moment's thought, I sprang from my horse and into the stream; a few strokes brought me up to the little "innocent." Carefully putting my left hand under it, and holding it almost completely out of the water with my right, I made my way to shore, and carefully gathering it in my arms, I laid it as carefully in the arms of its little nurse; but judge of my surprise when I beheld—for I had not taken time to look at it before—that it was a—*doll baby, with a china head!* On looking round for my horse, I saw him just disappearing over the hill. I gave chase, but my clothes were wet, and I didn't overtake him until I had footed it for more than seven miles. I can't bear the sight of a doll baby since; and if I ever come across that girl—though I suppose she's a girl no longer, and has found out ere this the difference between real and doll babies; but I wonder if she remembers the stranger who rescued her darling.

Hindoos Burning the Body of the Dead.

Immediately after the person is dead, and in many cases before this event, preparations are made for burning the body. Sometimes the wood is brought and placed by the side of the sick person while he is living. About three hundred pounds of wood are sufficient to consume a body. A hole is dug in the earth by one of the relations of the deceased, over which the wood is placed. The body is then laid on, and the heir at law having lighted some straw, walks round the pile three times, with face averted, and touches the mouth of the deceased with the fire; after which those present set fire to the pile, and the body is consumed. In some parts of Hindoostan the body is buried in the earth, and the funeral services are said to be very solemn and affecting. The officiating Brahmin on these occasions addresses the respective elements in the following language:—

"O Earth! to thee we commend our brother; of thee he was formed; by thee he was sustained; and unto thee he now returns!

"O Fire! thou hadst a claim in our brother; during his life he subsisted by thy influence in nature; to thee we commit his body; thou emblem of purity, may his spirit be purified on entering a new state of existence!

"O Air! while the breath of life continued, our brother respired by thee; his last breath is now departed; to thee we yield him!

"O Water! thou didst contribute to the life of our brother; thou wert one of his sustaining elements. His remains are now dispersed; receive thy share of him who has now taken an everlasting flight."

☞ About the Paris Exhibition, the latest report is that it is a failure pecuniarily. A daily attendance of forty thousand is necessary to pay the running expenses, and it has thus far fallen short of that.

THE WINDING OF THE SKEIN.

The orchard trees are white with snow,
As they were white with bloom,
Foam white, and like a sea beneath
The window of the room;
And fitfully an April sun
Now went, now gleamed again,
But longest gleamed, I think, to see
The winding of the skein.

We were two sisters, Maud and I,
And dwelt, as still we dwell,
In the old house among the trees
Our mother loved so well;
A few old friends we had, and prized,
Nor others sought to gain,
But chiefly one whose name recalls
The winding of the skein.

Our artist-neighbor, Clement, loved
The orchard like a boy,
The blossom-roof, the mossy boughs,
Made half his summer joy;
And like a brother in our hearts
He grew in time to reign—
And this was he whose name brings back
The winding of the skein.

There was a fourth that day. You guess
The story ere 'tis told;
Our cousin back from Paris—gay,
Nor coy, nor over-bold;
But used to homage, used to looks,
There was no need to feign,
As Clement found ere they began
The winding of the skein.

I saw them as they met, and read
The wonder in his face,
And how his artist-eye approved
Her beauty, and the grace
That kindled an admiring love
His heart could not restrain,
Though hard he strove with it, until
The winding of the skein.

The idle hours with idle toil
We sped, and talked between:
With all her skill our cousin wrought
A 'broidered banner screen;
And so it chanced that Clement's aid
She was so glad to gain;
And he—could he refuse to help
The winding of the skein?

Ring after ring the golden floss
About his fingers rolled;
He thought—"Her hair is brighter yet,
It has the truer gold."
I read this in his eyes, that strove
To turn from her in vain,
And loathed my raven tresses through
The winding of the skein.

Round after round they wound before
The task was wholly done,
And if their fingers touched, the blood
Straight to his cheek would run;
And if the knotted silk she chid,
Her voice through every vein,
Went with a thrill of joy, throughout
The winding of the skein.

Round after round, until the end,
And when the end was there
He knew it not, but sat with hands
Raised in the empty air;
The ringing of the merry laugh
Startled his dreaming brain,
And then he knew his heart ensnared
In winding of the skein.

Beneath the apple blooms that day,
And many a day they strayed;
I saw them through a mist of tears,
While hard for death I prayed.
And still those blossoms like these snows
Benumb my heart with pain,
And Maud knows well when I recall
The winding of the skein.

—*London Society.*

LORD ULSWATER.

CHAPTER XXX.

MASTER PAUL.

Loys Sark, standing among the globes, and books, and specimens of prize penmanship, and chronological charts, in Dr. Thomas Marsh's chamber of audience, confronted that great educator, for the first time, with a look of care and trouble. She grew pale, and her lips quivered, and there were tears in her eyes.

"You are tired, ma'am; oblige my by taking a seat," said the schoolmaster, waving her to an arm-chair: "it is very hot."

Loys thankfully took the proffered seat. She was not tired, and the heat of London could not very sensibly affect one who had so lately left the fiery climate of Australia. But old memories had been suddenly awakened within her, and these, it seemed, had power to blanch her red lips and dim the brightness of her dark, flashing eyes.

"It is very hot," repeated the schoolmaster, with a pardonable pride in his mastery, not over Belleview House, but over the aspirate, a command only attained by severe toil, and only preserved by incessant watchfulness. The letter *h* was indeed the plague of his scholastic life, and it was by constant practice that he had succeeded in confining the rebel within bounds. It had not always been needful to exercise this care. In the licensed victualling business, an *h* more or less matters little; but the principal of an educational establishment must be precise on such points.

"Mrs. Marsh," he said, after a pause, "would have rejoiced to have welcomed to the Academy the parent or guardian of one of our young gentlemen. But Mrs. Marsh, I regret to say, is at present enjoying the change of air afforded by a marine bathing-place in a delightful part of the coast of Essex. Will you allow me, in her absence, to offer you, Mrs. Fletcher, some refreshment?"

But Loys declined any refreshment. She was listening, eager but almost timid, for the light tread of a little foot that she well knew. Her thoughts were so busy that she could hardly give appropriate answers to the fishing questions with which the principal of Belleview House plied her from time to time, while Huggles was absent on his errand. This beautiful, dark young woman, not quite ladylike, yet so innately elegant, so demure, and still with a sort of stealthy fierceness lurking somewhere about the corners of the brilliant eyes and the angles of the firm mouth, puzzled the self-made doctor, whose right to his doctorate was as good as that of the Reverend Titus Oates to his Salamanca degree. He was used to hold converse with parents and guardians, of the female sex; but neither Miss Walkinshaw, the daily governess, whose threadbare merinoes and carefully-mended gloves showed how pinched and straited the good drudging creature was who paid for her little nephew's schooling out of her slender earnings, nor proud Mrs. Figgins, who came in her own carriage from Bucklersbury to see her own sons, in the least resembled Loys. He could not make her out. Was she respectable? Was she well off? Was her husband a merchant-captain, or a clerk, or a colonial cattle-farmer? All he gleaned from her merely told him that Mr. Fletcher had some connection with Australia, and also with ships. She owed him nothing; the boy's keep and tuition had been paid for, two quarters in advance.

As for the doctor himself, Loys read him pretty plainly. He belonged to that interesting class of instructors to whom an academy is a commercial speculation, and who set up a school as they would open a shop. Knowing nothing, unless it were certain dark secrets of his former trade, as to the "stretching" of beer, the "fining" of wines, and the imparting of a peculiar pungency to Old Tom, the principal of Belleview House could teach nothing. But he could, and did, hire ushers who were more competent. His terms not being extravagantly low, there was no natural antagonism between the appetites of the young gentlemen and the master's pocket. Wholesome beef and mutton, a sufficiency of rice-pudding, an abundance of thick bread and butter, and no stinted supply of milk and table-beer, were to be had at the Clapham school. The boys were not starved; they were not ill-used; they were taught something; they had the Sahara to play in, and a walk on half-holidays, and a month's vacation at Christmas. There are worse schools than Belleview House, after all.

At last, Huggles came back, accompanied by the pupil required—a very small pupil—a bright-faced, sturdy little boy, with clustering curls and blue eyes that looked wonderingly about, as if to seek the cause of their owner's having been inducted thus unexpectedly into his smart Sunday tunic with his braid and silver buttons. A pretty child, frank, bold, merry as a child should be.

"Here is our little friend, Master West," said the principal.

Master West stared for a moment at the visitor, as if he were trying to recollect where he had seen her before. At his age, memory is short, and half a year is an eon of progress; yet as Loys smiled, the child, with a glad cry of recognition, darted forward to throw his little arms around her neck. "Dear Loys, dear Aunt Loys!"—He knew her now, and as she caught him to her heart, and kissed him again and again, he was all glowing and crimson with pleasure. A noble little man, youngest of all the alumni who studied at Belleview House, but so confident and high-spirited that he seemed older than the mere baby he really was.

It was pretty to hear the innocent boy prattling to his dear old friend come back to him, of this and of that, quite forgetful of the schoolmaster's presence.—How was Jem? kind Uncle Jem? and had he made Paul the boat, with masts and sails and all, that he had promised to carve and rig for him? And there had been snow, real snow that lay on the ground, one day in March, soon after the little fellow's arrival at the school, and snow was white, and melted when you put it before the fire, and it was jolly to make snowballs, only it was so odd—the first touching the snow—because it made your fingers tingle so, you couldn't think. And, only fancy! there were no black snakes in England, and no cockatoos, black or white, and the boys had never so much as heard of a wallaby. And even old Diggs, the usher, a venerable man of nine-and-twenty, could not ride, and had never been on a horse in his life. Think of that! But school was jolly; play was jolly. Most of the boys were bricks. Paul didn't much like lessons, though. He had just been punished by old Diggs for teaching the boys to "cooey." None of these benighted young beings knew how to "cooey."

"And I insist, Master West, that you will not in future indulge yourself by repeating that—that barbaric clamor!" said the doctor pompously, but not with much severity in his eye as he turned it upon Paul. "Mr. Diggs did rightly to reprove you for shouting in such an unseemly fashion. The first time Mrs. Marsh heard it, she was shocked, really shocked, ma'am."

Paul put his thumb in his mouth, and looked dubiously at the doctor.

Dr. Marsh glanced at Loys.

"I will leave you to talk to our little friend, Mrs. Fletcher," he said; "I have duties, and important ones, to attend to. I presume your only object in calling was to see your nephew—no business arrangements, ahem?"

No. Loys thanked him. There were none. So the doctor was as good as his word, and left her alone with the boy, with no fear lest any secrets of the prison-house should transpire. There was food enough at Belleview House, and beds enough, and no lack of yellow soap and rough towels; and the principal's want of learning was not likely to be complained of by so tiny a pupil.

"I don't see any resemblance," Dr. Marsh had grumbled to himself, as he walked away across the black and white flagstones of the hall; and indeed there was none between the blue-eyed, Saxon-looking boy with fair hair, that every glancing sunbeam turned to gold, and the dark, Spanish-featured woman who called him nephew. Meanwhile, Paul went prattling on about the voyage, the school, and the wonders of the London suburbs, mixing up in the oddest way the goats and pigs on board ship with the donkeys on Clapham Common, and intermitting a description of the black cook of the vessel, his fiddle, earrings, and comical performances, to dilate on the brown wig, false teeth, and spectacles of Old Fusby the writing-master of Belleview House.

"Tomlinson's papa came last Wednesday to fetch him away," said little Paul at last; "and Tomlinson is to go to a bigger school, where the boys wear square caps with tassels to them, and gowns, and surplices like clergymen, and have a chapel of their own, and are called Collegers—so Tomlinson told us. Are you come to fetch me away, Aunt Loys?"

"No, Paul, dear, not if you are happy here, and like being here," said Loys, laying her hand caressingly on the child's curls as he stood at her knee.

"And, Aunt Loys, the boys asked me, when I first came, what my papa was, and I couldn't tell them. And they laughed at me, and made game of me, till I gave French, junior—he's nine months older than me—such a hit in the eye, and he began to cry, only think, like a great girl! But some of the big boys said my papa must have been a very bad man, or he never would have been transported to Botany Bay; and I didn't like that."

"Your papa was never transported—your papa was a gentleman—your poor papa is dead; but none of their fathers were his equals!" said Loys impetuously, and then bit her scarlet lip, as if angry with herself for speaking thus.

It was strange, but had any very keen-sighted eye-witness been hidden behind the window-curtains of the room, that eye-witness would have seen reason to believe that Loys was afraid of the pretty boy that she had come to visit at the school where she herself had placed him. When he first came in, and, recognizing her, addressing her as his aunt, a momentary expression of relief had flitted across her face. Was it that she had feared the possible return of other and older memories than those that had reference to Australia and the voyage home? This might well be. This supposititious observer behind the window-curtains would also have remarked that there was something constrained and awkward even in Mrs. Sark's manner of fondling the child, who, on his part, was affectionate enough and sweet-tempered enough to have won the liking of even a stranger by blood. It was odd, but so it was. Loys, bending over the boy, did certainly appear to be fond of him; but her attachment to him was, as it were, dashed by a curious sort of restraint, that seemed akin to actual fear.

By this time, little Paul had run through the gamut of a junior school-boy's revelations—had spoken of what he hated and what he liked; of lessons, play-ground sports, pudding, toffy, and fruit; of canes, black marks, and impositions; of holidays, ushers, sneaks, and good fellows—and for one word that Loys had uttered, he had said fifty. Suddenly he said:

"Do you know, aunt, I had such a queer dream—three times over the same; and one of our boys, who is quite tall, and wears high collars and knows Greek, says dreams you have three times come true—such a queer dream, aunt, and it was about you."

"About me, Paul?" said Loys smiling; but the color went from her cheek as she said it.

The boy went on.

"Yes, and it wasn't about Australia, or our house at Perth, or the Bush, or the ship, or anything. I dreamed I was ever so little, much younger than I am now, and I was in bed—a great big bed, finer than the doctor's in the best bedroom, and with gold things upon it—and in a great room, very fine—and you were sitting at a table, reading a book, I think, and there was a gentleman in black came in, and—I must have been ill, I think, for there were bottles and glasses of medicine, and— You are ill now, aunt!"

For Loys was very white, and her great black eyes seemed to dilate as her blooming face suddenly grew pinched and wan. The shadow of a great horror was upon her. Her own quick, passionate nature, imaginative to a fault, vibrated at the sound of the child's fresh young voice, as a harp rings responsive to a touch.

"I am not ill," she said, grasping the boy's shoulder hard. "Go on—you torture me—go on!"

But Paul looked at her with surprise, then with the half-perplexed, half-angry sorrow of childhood; and presently he began to whimper.

"You hurt me," he said, "Aunt Loys! It is spiteful to pinch me so. I don't love— Oh, yes, I do! Oh, yes, I do!" And the brave little Blue Eyes squeezed himself close to Loys Sark, and kissed her in honest gratitude for old treats, old kindness, old indulgence in far-off Australia, not yet faded away from a child's memory.

Loys for a moment took the little boy to her breast, and gave him back his kisses as if she had been his own mother. Then she rose.

"I must go now, dear," she said; and she added that she would soon come again, and she gave him money, whereof any the smallest school-boy knows the value as a medium of exchange for oranges and almond-rock. But all she did and all she said after that one warm hug of real hearty tenderness had an artificial sort of constraint about it. She got away from the boy somehow, and, leaving the room, found Huggles lurking in the hall, and propitiated that weak-whiskered youth with half-a-crown. "No, thank you; I do not want to see the doctor again," she said; and he bowed, as he let her out of the house.

Loys once clear of Belleview House, walked rapidly down the hill.

"Ill-got gains never prosper," she murmured as she went; "and *his* money—could a blessing go with it?" And as she spoke, she set her strong white teeth, and all the beauty vanished out of her face, and only the fierceness remained. But a woman of her type, and at her age, has the strength of habitual self-command, and she disciplined her features back again to their usual composure, long before she had passed the blank brick walls and the hawthorn hedges, and was once more in the long stretch of white road, where the last water-cart for that day was leaving behind it a broad track of wet, shining like the trail of a serpent in the drooping sunlight.

There was a cab, a battered, mud-bespattered old four-wheeler, one of those veteran cabs that hang about the Haymarket at unholy hours, or that prowl wherever solvent night-birds abound, which stood in front of a beer-shop at the foot of the hill. Loys hailed this cab, but the driver, a grog-blossomed old charioteer, true descendant of the jarvies of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, shook his head in negation. "I'm about going home, miss," he said; and Loys passed on and thought no more of him. It was a hot afternoon, and a slack time for trade, and she walked for several minutes without seeing any species of hack-species or public conveyance. At last an omnibus, bound for London proper, came rolling sleepily along; there was room enough, and to spare. Loys lifted her hand, and the omnibus stopped, received her as an addition to its half-dozen passengers, and continued its course.

Loys, as she took her seat, noticed with an indifferent eye that the battered cab was coming creeping along at the side of the road, and was very near. But her own thoughts sufficed to keep her from paying any great attention to the trifling events around her, and she soon forgot cab and driver, and scarcely knew when the suburban road had been exchanged for the crowded London streets, and Charing Cross was gained, and it was time to alight and to traverse the short homeward route on foot.

Back to Cecil Street she went, and, at the corner of Cecil Street, the same battered old cab, with the same grog-blossomed driver, drew up, and the ugly head of Mr. Stephen Marsh, M.R.C.S., peered forth from one of the windows, and watched her as she went, and marked the number of the house in which she entered—"There's what I promised you, cabby," said the Shelton surgeon, with a triumphant leer. "You did the thing well—very neatly indeed."

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE ENVOY COMES BACK.

One by one, or family by family, the guests at St. Pagans dropped off and went upon their way. The day following the picnic beheld the dispersal of the larger portion of the visitors who slept under the roof of the old abbey; and before twilight on the second day, the last lingerers had departed. The incident which had interrupted the harmony of the fête had left behind it a gloom and an awkwardness which all Lord Ulswater's tact, all Lady Harriet's stately condescension, backed by the cheery good-nature of Chirper and Macdirk, could not dispel.

"He behaved very badly. I have no patience with him," one starched old equiroe had said to her glum daughters and her silent husband as the family carriage rolled away along the down road: "the county ought not to countenance such conduct." And indeed there were very few voices uplifted in behalf of John and Flora. The ethics of the country are more severe than the laxer morality of London, and to win a *fiancée* from her troth was held as little less criminal than to tamper with the affections of another man's wife. Then, too, there were aggravating circumstances in the case. In the first place, Morgan was so rich that he seemed in some sort a British Institution, like the Funds or the Bank of England. People relished the mention of the mouth-filling sum-total of his enormous revenue, and gloated over the hypothesis of his being—Jews excepted—the richest commoner in the realm. Again, the unlucky scene had taken place at Lord Ulswater's own house, and there were plenty of people ready to say and swear that the picnic had been planned for this especial purpose. But the worst of the damnatory features of the case, in the eyes of many who discussed it, was the fact that Miss Hastings was the daughter of the Right Honorable Robert Drummond Eliot Hastings, a member of the cabinet. This, to a majority of those who talked the matter over, made what had been done to appear almost as a kind of sacrilege. Viewed in the mildest manner, it was regarded as an affront to her Majesty's ministry in the person of one of its most respectable components. The old simple reverence for a lord has been decaying ever since George III. and the king's friends declared war against the great Whig houses, and though titles are greedily sought for still, official power bears the bell over hereditary rank without it. The sympathies of the loudest talkers went with the place-man, and Lord Ulswater was considered to have committed an offence which it behoved society to punish.

Chirper, Macdirk, Fitzgeorge, with Sir Harry and the rest of the dandies, were true to their salt, and backed their friend's cause manfully. It was an ugly scrape, they admitted, and yet they were confident that matters would come right in the end. They were willing to do anything in Carnac's cause, they declared, short of calling on the Right Honorable Robert to convert that politician to their way of regarding the affair. But if Ulswater cared to shoot or be shot by Morgan, supposing that young man's homicidal mood to last, they were willing to risk a year in Newgate and the loss of commissions, appointments, or deputy-lieutenancies, for the sake of sticking to their friend. Or if Lord Ulswater could persuade Miss Hastings to try a stolen marriage, Chirper was ready to hold the rope-ladder, and Lord Macdirk would not have refused, on a pinch, to drive the engine of the special train.

But the master of St. Pagans was not sorry when his real friends left him with hearty handshakes and offers of help, and he was left alone. What could Gunnesley Fitzgeorge or Sir Harry do for him in such a strait as that in which he found himself? A single female ally was worth all the banded Eleusisians in this instance. Such an ally he had secured in Lady Harriet, his aunt. It was late in the afternoon of the second day following the picnic, and only two or three loitering guests yet remained, people too insignificant to render it necessary that the mistress of the abbey should postpone her mission to Shellton Manor in order to entertain them. That task Lord Ulswater had taken on himself; and it was with a sigh of relief that he placed the last family-party in one of the St. Pagans' carriages, and saw the little milk-white cloud of chalk-dust that the whirling wheels aroused lessen and vanish on the down road. He did not go in again, but strolled out to the lodge-gate, passed it, and went on with a saunt'ring step towards a swelling mound, from which a still wider prospect of the green table-land could be obtained, and from the top of which he could catch the first glimpse of Lady Harriet's returning equipage. He was eager, more eager than he cared to own even to himself, as to the return of his ambassadress and the probable result of her mission. She had set forth early, as soon after luncheon as the carriage could be ordered, and it was getting late. The red flush in the west, and the black and golden bars of cloud that spanned the crimson of the heavens, gave token of the coming of night. The moment after, he had gained the summit of the mound, and shading his eyes with his hand, was gazing down through the nearly level rays of the sinking sun, watchful for the expected carriage, a rustling of some boughs near him attracted his attention.

Bare and bleak as the hillock might seem, with its toothsome grass short-cropped by the active sheep of the down pastures, there was one tuft or clump of hazel-bushes that rose above the level of the crisp turf; from this clump the rustling proceeded. Instantly, Lord Ulswater's memory, tenacious of minute matters as of great ones, brought him back to the days of his boyhood. The mound, he knew, was called Monkshill—why or wherefore, the tongues that could have told had been hushed long ago; but by the broken stones that had been found in the hollow beneath, it was conjectured that a wayside chapel, or small shrine, had once stood upon the rising-ground. Be that as it might, the few bushes that grew in a cluster a little below the summit, on the side most remote from the abbey, were the only shelter existing for miles of smooth green-sward. There was a hole or depression in the chalk, too, in the centre of the hazels, and here Lord Ulswater, then a younger brother, with no idea of succeeding to the title and estates, had when a boy found a hare, a poor tired-out thing, with wet sides and reeking fur, that had crawled into the hole as a last attempt to escape the dreadful hounds, and so lay, panting and passive.

John Carnac, as a boy, had been of the same temper that belonged to him still. He was not scrupulous, but neither was he wantonly cruel. To the very last, he would step aside to avoid harming an insect, he who had in him the iron indifference to bloodshed that goes so far towards the composition of a conqueror. He had taken the hunted hare, dead-beat, and hardly able to look up at him, under his protection, just as some human suppliant may have been received under that of the stormy Demos of Athens, and the creature had lived and grown tame in the orchard of the home-farm, half-a-dozen years and more.

Now from among the bushes, cautiously parted by two strong hands, there protruded the bullet-head of Bendigo Bill. "Hist! it's me, my Lord," the garroter said in a low voice that hardly rose above a whisper. "I've been here these four hours, on the chance."

Most certainly Lord Ulswater's meditations had been thousands of miles removed from Bendigo Bill and all connected with him. But he had those firm nerves without which a great man finds it difficult to convince others that he is great. There were times when even his inner strength gave way, as a steel sword, Toledo trusty, bends to pressure. But, however, he turned smiling to face this thief, as if his daily practice had been to hold conversations with gentlemen whose lower limbs were ensconced in a shallow chalk pit, and whose brawny shoulders, fustian-clad, and shock-heads, capped with brown cloth, edged, in spite of summer, with fur, rose up portentous among the clustering nut-boughs.

"Four hours," said Lord Ulswater, "make up a good deal of time. You are a patient fellow. Suppose I had not come here? It was, I assure you, by the merest chance that I did so." There was this peculiarity about the master of St. Pagans, that his manner of speaking to his social inferiors was quite his own; and it had the rarest of rare merits; it set at their ease those to whom he spoke. Few of us can say the same. There are few more painful spectacles than that of a member of the educated, well-to-do, kid-gloved class addressing an average specimen of the "working-man." For his very life, he cannot be natural. He is perhaps sincerely desirous to respect the feelings of his new acquaintance, and hence he leaves the old "haw-haw" manner to sons of rich sugar-bakers and stock jobbers. But he cannot speak simply. He may have learned wisdom from the lips of Kingsley, professor and preacher, and in this case he is likely to be honestly afraid of the artisan, as of one mightier, and wiser, and holier than he, and to show it. Or, he may possibly be serious-minded, in which case he will address the working-man in words of one and two syllables, speaking very slowly and distinctly, as to a little child; but in hardly any instance will he be plain-spoken and easy of manner as Lord Ulswater was.

"If you hadn't come, my lord, I know what I'd ha' done," answered the man. "I've found out which your window is, and I'd have chucked up gravel, and whistled. I must have got speech of you somehow."

"Why?" asked the tall, strong, prosperous gentleman, looking smilingly into the face of this strange he-Dryad peeping out from among the hazels. In a picture-gallery where ancestral portraits, not of Wardour Street origin, abound, we may sometimes see the same face and form repeat itself along the shadowy line of many generations. Alberich, in plate-armor, with the Lancastrian scarf over his breast-plate, might be twin-brother to Sir Henry there, in the buff coat laced with silver, and the white-plumed helmet, just as when he rode to Worcester or Naseby for Charles I. And Philip, the Mohock of the early Georgian reigns, as they have painted him in velvet and gold-lace, with Mechlin cravat awry, and periwig disordered, sipping his chocolate, and practicing a *coup* at piquet, while his gaudy parrot screams uncared for, and his jewelled sword lies on the violin by his side, how clearly does he reproduce the baron who conquered at Bosworth, and the baronet who died in the Gatehouse prison!

John, Lord Ulswater, was a handsome likeness of several of the better-looking of his race. There had been a young Carnac once who never lived to wear gold spurs, but was unhorsed and butchered in some obscure battle of the Regent Bedford's wars against the French. This lad's comely, smooth face, looking out from under the raised visor of his steel basenet, was one of the ornaments of the collection of family pictures at St Pagans. It was singularly like that of John Carnac. The same oval shape of the face, the same bloom on the cheek, the same falcon-glance in the bold blue eyes, the same golden sheen upon the hair, an almost feminine beauty united with virile strength and decision of character. The original of the portrait—a poor daub, the work, it is likely, of some wandering Italian painter-friar—was not one of the celebrities of the house. It was not quite certain whether he was Rowland, third son, or another son, whose name had become obliterated, somehow, on the vellum of the pedigree, of the Sir John of the day, both of which younger scions of the House of Carnac were pithily recorded to have "died in the wars." *Pro animis oramur!* It might have been a curious speculation as to whether this poor cadet, who never lived to be knighted, or to marry, or to own an acre, was like the present lord in mind as well as in body, and whether it was an ambitious and a fiery soul like that of his ten-times-removed great-nephew that the French boor's knife let out when young Carnac, lying helpless on the ground, was murdered for the sake of his harness and horse-trappings.

At anyrate, as Lord Ulswater stood looking on the garrotter, the man's sluggish imagination dimly conceived what a soldier, prize-fighter, or trooper of the New South Wales police, his aristocratic patron would have made upon occasion, and he did homage to him, as some big brute of a fighting man-at-arms might have done to Richard the Lion-hearted. Bendigo Bill had a capacity for hero-worship that would have satisfied Mr. Carlyle himself, but his liability to impressions of this kind was strictly limited. To have throttled an asthmatic laureate or broken the bones of a feeble-bodied astronomer-royal, would have occasioned him no twinge of compunction. A man might be Senior Wrangler or Double First, and translate Tupper into Greek verse, and the *Odyssey* into English rhyme, and square the circle, and settle the longitude, and know all that Macaulay, and Darwin, and Arago, and Brewster ever garnered into their store of facts, and yet be mere grist to the mill whereof Bendigo Bill was the miller.

But this wretch, to whom learning and science, and literature were meaningless words, and who hardly knew that vice was vicious, or religion holy, could thoroughly appreciate physical advantages. Those which belonged in so eminent a degree to Lord Ulswater had exercised a singular fascination over his dull nature. So now,

as he thrust his head so cautiously out of the leafy screen of the hazel-branches, he wriggled, and ducked, and twisted himself to and fro, in a manner that presented a ludicrous resemblance to that of an ugly, rough-coated dog fawning upon its master. The fancy suggested itself to Lord Ulswater, who smiled for the second time.

"What have you, then, to tell me, Mr. Haller?" he said, and waited for the reply.

That reply, however, was slow in coming. Bendigo Bill hesitated, fidgeted in his place of concealment, and, taking off his fur-edged cap, passed his thick fingers through his bristly hair. When he did speak, it was with an earnestness that, as it were, compelled attention.

"Tell you what it is," said the man, plucking away, as the words dropped slowly from his lips, little pinches of fur from the trimming of his cap, as if his restless hands must be employed—"I'll tell you as downright truth as ever come out in one of their adjective courts, down yonder. First place, your lordship was pleased to say, that day in the lane, you'd took a sort of fancy to me. Well, I took a fancy into my own head, and that's this—that if you'd let me serve you, my lord, I'd do it true, and stick to you like your dog might, and come and go as you bid me. There! I ain't given to patter much, but what I say I mean, and there ain't another living man I'd say it to, except you."

Words would fail to do justice to the peculiarly painful, unctuous, and reluctant way in which this speech was delivered. It is sufficiently distressing to watch an ordinary, rate-paying, reputable Briton returning thanks for some health drinking at a public dinner. But, compared with Bendigo Bill, aldermen are glib, and county members eloquent; and yet, the ruffian spoke from his heart, and Lord Ulswater knew that it was so.

"My poor fellow," said the master of St. Pagans, "I thank you for your evident good-will. I am not so foolish as to turn my back on a friend, however oddly I may have picked him up. But what on earth has brought you here, my man, since I take it for granted you have come on business?"

Bendigo Bill went on plucking at the fur-cap.

"That's just it, my lord. Business it is. There's them in Shellton wishes no good to you, in the first place."

Lord Ulswater instantly thought of the Right Honorable Robert, at Shellton Manor, and William Morgan, Esq., M. P. for Oakshire, at the Regent Hotel, neither of whom had any particular reason to be fond of him, just then. But it was absurd to suppose that the garrotter's errand could relate to cabinet ministers and members of Parliament.

"The tug of the thing, to me," pursued Bendigo Bill, violently maltreating the cap, "was, that it did seem so infernal mean for a cove to go and split upon his own father. It ain't"—went on the ex-convict, with the air of a moralist laying down just principles—"it ain't that my father comes to much in a general way, but a dad's a dad, and you can't pick and choose for yourself. Before I go any further, my lord, will you be so good as promise not to hurt the old chap?"

"Am I to understand," said Lord Ulswater, "that your father lives in Shellton, and that, for some reason which I am not aware of, he has a dislike to me?"

Bendigo Bill's scarred and battered countenance was eloquent with perplexity, but he did not speak, and Lord Ulswater, after waiting a moment to give him time to answer the last remark, resumed the conversation.

"I gather from your looks, Mr. William," he said, in very much the tone he would have employed towards Culpeper or some other intimate friend, "that my guess is wide of the mark, and that I have not been so unfortunate as to make your parent into an enemy of mine. Still, your warning has a meaning, naturally. Is that crib—I believe I use the correct expression"—added Lord Ulswater, with a nod in the direction of the abbey, to indicate of what especial dwelling he spoke—"is that crib to be cracked? or am I to consider that my watch and purse, and not my plate-chest, are the objects of some one's designs?"

The garrotter surveyed Lord Ulswater with much the same sort of stare as that with which a bull, separated from the drove, and uncertain of his way, frequently regards a man. He could just make out that his noble patron was laughing at him, and this was of itself enough to rouse the anger which all dull folks, good or bad, feel when they are treated with levity. But the instinct of sullenness was subdued in him by the instinct of loyalty to the man who had conquered him, and spared him, and tamed him, and after a short pause he spoke again, with his eyes on the ground.

"There's deeper games than that, my lord," said Bendigo Bill; "and I do ask you to believe me when I say the truth. Nobody wants to make white soup of the spoons at St. Pagans, and it isn't an old cripple like my dad that's going to put the hug upon your lordship; besides, I'd have cut such a job as that uncommon short. But if you don't have a care, my lord, you'll be in Queer Street very soon, and that's all about it." At this moment Lord Ulswater's quick eye discovered the carriage, very far off on the down road, a mere dark speck in the distance. It was coming on at a brisk pace. The dark speck grew larger and larger.

"What do you mean?" asked the owner of St. Pagans; and this time there was some sternness in his voice.

Bendigo Bill hesitated to speak.

"You will oblige me by an answer!" said Lord Ulswater, in the tone of one who would permit of no trifling with his wishes. Nearer and nearer the carriage came; the distant sound of wheels and horses' feet came faintly to the ear.

"There's a chap in Shellton," the ex-convict began, with evident reluctance to tell his tale in this fashion, "that has had dealings with your lordship. He boasts he'll very soon have you under his thumb."

"Who is he," asked Lord Ulswater, with no apparent astonishment, his eye always fixed on the approaching equipage.

Bendigo Bill looked up.

"Will you promise, come what will, to do the old man no hurt?"

"Meaning your respectable papa?" rejoined Lord Ulswater, in the old careless tone of good-humored indifference: "make yourself easy on that score, my friend. Your filial feelings do you very great credit. I shall do nothing to the old gentleman's detriment. Whose thumb is it beneath which I am to find myself, if you will do me the favor to tell me?"

"Dr. Marsh is his name," growled the ruffian, whom the sound of the approaching wheels rendered very uneasy; "but it's a long story. I ought not to be seen here, talking to you, my lord."

This was undeniably true. The St. Pagans carriage was drawing nearer every moment, and no doubt the servants must already have caught sight of Lord Ulswater's tall form standing conspicuously on the western side of the mound, although Bendigo Bill was yet concealed by his green tent of boughs.

"Among the ruins at soon as it is quite dark. You know the ruins well, I suppose, as a Shellton man born? Well, then, be at the door of the guest-house in two hours' time. Do not fail me!" said Lord Ulswater, hurriedly, and he turned away and descended the hill with a quick step, reaching the house in time to receive Lady Harriet, as she alighted, pale and weary, from the carriage. "Good-news, dear aunt?" he said, inquiringly, and with an eagerness that he did not care to hide. Lady Harriet looked harassed and worn, and years older than when she had started that day for the manor.

"I have done for you, nephew, what I never thought to do, and borne for your sake what I never thought to endure; but you are my sister's son, dear, and I do not grudge it. Let me sit down here, in the Tapestry Room, where poor Reginald died, and I will tell you all."

CHAPTER XXXII.

MAKING THE BEST OF IT.

"You are to see her to-morrow, my dear—to see her to-morrow! I am so glad, for your sake!" It was thus, with many tears, that kind old Lady Harriet had spoken, crying on her nephew's shoulder, and with all the ice of her stately coldness thawed for the time being. Good creatures of Lady Harriet's temperament always become actually grateful to those whom they have served, especially if their kind offices have cost them pain, and toil, and self-sacrifice. It was for this reason that the late lord had been so dear to the aged relative who had watched over his sickly infancy and melancholy manhood, and who had lived to close his eyes when he sank to sleep like a tired child.

It is certain that in those early days, when the brothers were boys together, Lady Harriet had been almost jealous of John's superiority to the feeble heir of the House of Ulswater. She was nettled by hearing his praises sounded by young and old, and provoked by the comparisons that were too often drawn between the brilliant cadet, king of all hearts, and the weakly, morbidly sensitively elder brother, to whom the law of primogeniture gave the wealth and honors of the family. John, too, poor as he was in fortune, was rich in high health and spirits; one of those strong, buoyant souls that seem to soar above our pity, and which it is scarcely possible to imagine otherwise than self-reliant and prosperous. But now Reginald was dead, and the sole surviving nephew was in trouble, and under a cloud of anxiety and doubt, and the old aunt's heart warmed towards him, as it was in her nature. For his sake she had made a great holocaust of her pet foible, pride, and had swallowed the bitter pill of enduring contumely without resenting it. She had to give an account of her mission; but before she had got beyond the barest and most formal exordium, the sight of her nephew's anxious face overthrew her resolve, and she hastened, like a true woman, to reveal the climax of her story before the tale was told.

It appeared that Lady Harriet Ashe, on arriving at Shellton Manor, was very ill received. Mrs. Hastings could hardly, under any provocation, have been otherwise than polite; but the politeness of a Belgravian matron is quite consistent with the most freezing coldness or the most malignant hostility. To watch two well-bred women of the world at conversational sword-and-dagger play, dealing each other a succession of spiteful little stabs with smiling composure, and delighting in the wounds that they inflict, is an edifying spectacle, much more so than to see Mrs. Rourke, in vulgar rage, tear off Mrs. O'Leary's cap, or tie up a stone in a stocking to do battle with Mrs. Flanagan.

But poor Lady Harriet's errand was not a fighting one: she had come to sound a parley and display the white flag, and conclude the best terms obtainable, and her former friend was as furious as a hurt tigress. Indeed, it must be confessed that Mrs. Hastings had much to vex her. No one likes to have a project destroyed: no one is easily consoled for the overthrow of what it has cost labor and thought to construct. A child is no better pleased when some facetious grown-up friend blows down his many-storied house of cards, just as the roof is on, than is a spider whose fly-ensnaring net is demolished by the housemaid's broom.

Was it reasonable to expect anything but malice and hatred from that Mayfair Arachne, wife of the Right Honorable Robert, whose neat web had been broken just when the biggest of big flies, with double gilt wings and damasked armor, had been so satisfactorily secured between the glutinous meshes? No tempter—not Griselda's, for she had no daughters to marry to rich men—could be expected to endure such a trial without turning acid. Mrs. Hastings was in her tartest mood.

There were so many items in the account of this poor lady's vexations, the guests had very wisely taken themselves off, foreseeing storms and shadow where bright social sunshine had prevailed. It was quite a curious coincidence, the need for Crashaw of the Blues to rejoin what he called his "wegiment," albeit the rogue knew that he had two months' leave unexpended, on the very same day that dear Dora Warburton was compelled to start for the shores of the Bristol Channel, there to nurse her adored grandpapa through his rheumatic attack. Young Warburton, a moral padlock on his lips, had gone off as escort to his sister; and the other visitors had also adjourned to their regiments and their grandfathers, in various shapes, from an imperative lawyer, who would see young Groseikes at his office, willy-nilly, before eminent counsel should leave town for the Alpine Glaciers, down to the arrival at far-off homes of married sisters long in India, and whom it was incumbent to greet as early as steam-power could render the meeting practicable.

Rats run from a falling house. Mrs. Hastings knew that as well as she knew that two and two make four. They fled from Shellton Manor as from St. Pagans; but being rats of good breeding, they bade farewell in the politest manner, and affected to be utterly unaware that the roof-tree was rotten or the walls tottering. And in the case of the Right Honorable Robert's Elizabethan abode, there really was no reason to apprehend disaster. But family jars are not pleasant ceremonies wherest, as the French style it, to assist. Scoldings sometimes fall upon innocent ears, and the stranger may share in the bickerings of the now discordant domestic circle.

Then the Right Honorable Robert, when things did not go smoothly, was a trying husband to live with. His gout, his impatience of opposition, his strong sense of his own dignity, combined to goad him into a sort of chronic rage that lasted a long time. And there was the great disappointment itself, and the handle given for ill-natured gossip, and the unendurable derision, and mock-pity, and genuine exultation, of rival matrons, distanced in the race for the great Morgan Stakes on the course matrimonial. Flora had won those stakes so well, without any undue jockeying of beaten competitors, without a suspicion of trickery, and had done infinite credit to her trainer and proprietrix. And now, was it not heartbreaking to see the whole victory spoiled by this wretched break-down at the finish!

There was Flora on her hands, tearful, sorry to offend, but not penitent; firing up, on the contrary, in defence of her lover, of that treble odious Ulswater, whom Mrs. Hastings could have strangled with pleasure. There was William Morgan, desperate, savage, miserable to the limits, almost, of misery, reproaching her for not keeping better watch over his future wife. There was Ruth, piteous and sorrow-stricken, faithfully laboring to console her brother, who cared so little for her. There were the servants, the neighbors, the people who knew very well what was amiss, but before whom it was necessary to keep up a show of calm indifference. All this was hard to bear.

Then, when things are at their worst, arrives good Lady Harriet, intruding herself into the lions' den, and only too conscious how the white fangs gnashed, and the sharp talons were unsheathed, and the hollow roar of menace resounded within. It was a terrible visit. Women have the dubious advantage over men that they can talk and talk, and add the curse of Kehama to the curse of Eranipbus, and say shocking things to another (in elegant periphrasis, of course), without stirring from the sofa on which they sit. Two men, no matter what their rank—cardinals, princes, shoeblacks—would fly at each other's throats before half the altercation could be got through that a brace of disputants of the gentler sex can wage to the bitter end, masks on to the last, and social varnish unbroken.

But Lady Harriet did not fight. "Strike, but hear," was the pith of what she had to say. She dropped her weapons at the other Amazon's feet, as to speak, and bared her bosom to the sword-point, and let the griding steel have its will of her defenceless flesh. She did not irritate Mrs. Hastings by any ill-judged defence of her nephew. The criminal, metaphorically, came in a white shirt, with bare feet and dangling halter, to crave mercy.

This almost unprecedented meekness did not go without its reward. After a protracted interview, intersected by short absences, during which Mrs. Hastings went to consult with her husband, or to speak to Flora, now relegated to solitary confinement in her own rooms, a sort of capitulation was agreed to. The high-contracting parties to this treaty looked at the case from widely different points of view, but the conclusion to which they came was not unreasonable in itself. Mr. Morgan, as Flora's mother said, was willing, still, to keep his word. He would overlook what had occurred, and would marry Miss Hastings, though in that latter case his previous plans must be greatly modified. If Flora would agree, he would marry her, give up his new-fledged M.P.-ship for Oakshire, and go abroad for some years. A greater proof of being sincerely in earnest as to his love for the girl he hoped to make his wife could hardly be given.

But, as Mrs. Hastings said, sighing, Flora was obstinate. She held out against browbeating and advice. Nothing could move her. Very sorry she professed herself for the heart-wound to William Morgan, and for the fickleness of her conduct, to all appearance. "But you know, mamma, I never loved him," she said. That position was inexpugnable. Much good talk, many tears, and the Right Honorable Robert's influence, had been found inadequate to the task of converting this little heretic. It had not been found very easy to induce her to grant the discarded suitor a personal interview. "Why should I see him, poor fellow? we are both of us unwretched enough as it is," the girl had replied to her mother's entreaties; but she had yielded at last, and on this final meeting everything hinged.

Mrs. Hastings had a considerable faith in the malleability of her own sex, for good or for evil, when, as the old song says, "the tear is in the eye. But if the worst should come to the worst, it would be silly to throw the helve after the hatchet. William Morgan was to speak with Miss Hastings on the following morning. If that interview should end in a reintegration of love, or more correctly of that sober-colored variety of affection which some consider suitable for domestic wear and tear, all would be well, and Arachne would darn her web and keep her fly, gold-winged, lustrous.

But if, as seemed only too probable, the wilful damsel should let the great prize go, why, then, if Lord Ulswater chose to be properly contrite and humble, he might call, and be permitted to make his proposals in form, with every prospect of becoming son-in-law to the Right Honorable Robert. It was a *pis aller*, because Morgan was so rich. But it was wiser than allowing Miss Hastings to wear the willow during another year or so of blighted hopes and public commiseration.

"In short, Lady Harriet, we must do as others have done: we must make the best of a bad business," Mrs. Hastings had said, towards the close of the negotiations. Poor grim Lady Harriet had winced as she assented to this. We none of us like to have what old ladies call our belongings vilified or lightly held. And the beating pin of Lord Ulswater's ambassadress was pride. She was very proud—proud of her own race—proud of that to which her sister had allied herself by marriage—proud, too, of the precedence and privilege of the titled class to which she appertained. She had all the old ideas about the suddenly enriched, auriferous mushrooms whose elevation jarred with her antique theories of the fitness of things. Never had she been one of those who bowed the knee to the Golden Calf, incarnate in the person of the young Comte de Cramlingham. But now she was obliged to bend her head, and swallow her indignation as best she might, while she heard her hostess deplore the cruel fate that would make Flora a poor peeress instead of the bride of Fortunatus Morgan.

The former friends parted with a cold kiss, and some semblance of their old friendship, which had been severely cracked, if not shattered by late events. Probably they could never be quite on the same terms as before. Lady Harriet's ears were tingling still with some of the speeches that she had been forced to hear and there were venomed darts in her old breast that rankled yet, and would rankle till Time should cure the smart. Mrs. Hastings was polite, but not cordial in her share of the reconciliation that had been patched up between the two families. No angler, after hooking a noble silvery salmon of weight unprecedented, after struggling and giving line, and being dragged over sharp rocks and through pools, finds it easy to accept the excuses of the clumsy gillie who fails in gaffing the fish, but breaks the line instead, and sets the plunging prisoner free.

But an arrangement was entered into. A message, it had been settled, was to be sent to St. Pagans in case no reconciliation should ensue between those whose betrothal had been thus violently brought to an end. And if so, Lord Ulswater would be welcome! Well might the kind old aunt say, as she sank, weary and trembling, upon a seat in the Tapestry Room, that she had done much for her nephew. So she had. She had made the sacrifice of her own pride, at the cost of a wrench to her heart-string. John, Baron Ulswater, heard her story with great satisfaction, thanked her in appropriate language, and was pleased and grateful.

Some two hours afterwards, when Lady Harriet, exhausted with the day's toil, had bidden her nephew a good-night, Lord Ulswater glanced up at the darkling sky. "I must see my bandog. The human brute is waiting for me!" he said, and left the room. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ The chief secret of comfort lies in not suffering trifles to vex one, and in prudently cultivating an undergrowth of small pleasures, since very few great ones are let on long leases.

☞ One of the pleasantest incidents of the French court stage occurred when the Emperor Napoleon jokingly kissed the Empress Josephine, who was acting a little operatic part in the theatre in the palace of St. Cloud. She demurely stepped forward and remarked, that any one of the audience who was dissatisfied with the performance might retire, and have his money returned to him at the doors. The consequent laughter was uproarious.

☞ More ham sickness has occurred at Springfield, Mass. The wife and three children of W. F. Rey ate some boiled ham a few days ago, and soon after were taken sick, having a violent headache, nausea, and general prostration. They exhibited none of the other symptoms of trichiniasis, and that is probably not their disease. The sickness was undoubtedly caused by the ham, as two children of a neighbor were similarly affected after eating some of the same ham.

☞ At Springfield, Mass., recently, a boy six years old stole $95 from his mother, and disposed of it among his playmates. To punish him for the theft, his mother tied him hand and foot to a post, and kept him naked, out of doors, in sun and storm, every day for a week. Not content with such brutal treatment, she kept him for a fortnight tied in a similar way to a bed-post in the house.

☞ A Prussian schoolmaster, with a salary of $80 a year, writes to a Berlin paper: "I hear Prussia is about to send to the Paris Exhibition a model school house. If Prussia desires to complete the specimen by sending at the same time a schoolmaster dying of hunger, I offer to represent to the life that other model for a very low rate of pay."

☞ A new idea in photography is announced, by which the head of a lady is taken in the midst of the petals of any kind of flowers—such as a rose, a tulip, or the like.

☞ The sewing machine is said to be likely to have a rival in another similar invention recently made, by which all kinds of garments are both woven and sewed at the same time. The sewing of the seam is reported to be stronger even than hand sewing, and perfectly smooth and even.

☞ The New York State Constitutional Convention must be a most learned and erudite body. One member of it recently said to another, "I suppose this is the ablest body of men ever assembled in New York?" "No doubt of it," was the reply, "for I have heard the same remark made by almost every member of the Convention."

☞ The Russian Emperor has presented Napoleon the two finest of the three horses which are to be seen in the Exhibition. One is a bay stallion called Fakel, five years old, and the other Jereau, a chestnut of the same age. Both were born and reared at the Imperial breeding establishment of Kuremanova, founded by Prince Orloff Tchesmensky, at the end of the eighteenth century.

☞ It is noted as a curious fact that all the fighting nations of ancient times have died out. They seem to have been consumed by their fierce internal passions. On the other hand, the Chinese, a peaceful people, now number about four hundred millions—a number sufficient, if warfare to sweep resistlessly over all Europe.

☞ During the burning of the workshops of the Tennessee penitentiary, many of the convicts assisted in attempting to extinguish the flames, and none tried to escape, although there was an opportunity to do so.

☞ It is stated that a gentleman in Detroit held a reception party a few nights since, to receive the congratulations of his friends on having safely returned from a visit to Chicago.

☞ Wm H. Langley, a suspended flour merchant of Gallipolis, O., is reported to have the largest life insurance of any man in the country—$300,000.

☞ The Illinois Legislature has been for some time in extra session, but the proceedings have amounted to nothing. Most of the bills passed are of such a character that the Governor is compelled to veto them. One of these bills, known as the "Cheese bill," gave the corporators the exclusive right to manufacture cheese in McLean county for ten years. In vetoing it, the Governor says he cannot see why the corporators "have any more right to manufacture all the cheese in McLean county for ten years than they have to eat all the cheese in McLean county for the same number of years."

☞ In Staunton, Va., a few days ago, a gentleman had his nose nearly cut off by the carelessness of a man who was carrying a scythe blade along the street.

☞ One of the exercises at the recent commencement of Washington University, Md., was a gymnastic exhibition, and prizes for proficiency were distributed by the president.

☞ Col. Josephus H. Caffin 42 years of age, 25 inches high, and weighing 25 pounds, is on exhibition at Charlottesville, Va.

Champagne Wine.

Dr. Tomes has recently published a book on champagne wine. Not much of the highest quality of champagne ever reaches the United States. Dr. Tomes was told this by the chief exporters. He says:

Brought by my official duties into direct and constant association with the wine manufacturers, and partaking of their hospitality, I had frequent occasion to test, at their convivial tables, the quality of their champagne. I had hardly turned off the first glass, when I remarked a flavor of which my palate, though not unused to the best of Heidsieck, Mumm, and Moet & Chandon, in America, had been hitherto unconscious. It was the first time in my life that I had enjoyed a glass of champagne, as wine. Before, I had drank it as a not unpleasant beverage, being palatable from its sweetness and effervescence, and exhilarating in its effect. I could not distinguish the wine of one brand from another; and all, Heidsieck, Mumm, Moet & Chandon, Clicquot, and Roederer, seemed to me to have been brewed in the same vat, of the same proportions of syrup, brandy, and soda-water.

I now found instead of tossing off my glass and swallowing its contents with a gulp, as I had been wont to do in order to secure the evanescent sparkle and hasten the expected exhilaration, that the wine trickled slowly, drop by drop, over the gratified palate. My taste had recognized, for the first time in a glass of champagne, the flavor of a fine wine, and was lingering in the enjoyment of its mellow richness. My host caught the expression of my satisfaction, and said: "You don't get such wine in America;" adding, with a roguish twinkle of his eye, "We keep this for ourselves and friends."

Most people will learn with surprise that champagne is a modern wine: "In fact, although the wine of the country has been famous from time immemorial, and long shared with the clarets and Burgundies of France the esteem of the world, the *vin mousseux*, as the French call it, the effervescing wine, and what we know as champagne, is comparatively a modern discovery. Its origin hardly dates beyond the eighteenth century, and it was still, even in the middle of that century, so rare that only a few rich and privileged amateurs tasted it. Moet & Chandon in 1780, who were then as now the chief manufacturers, thought it a bold venture to have made six thousand bottles in the year. Their present annual sale is over a hundred and fifty thousand dozen." It is a peculiarity, too, that the champagne of a well-known brand cannot be directly bought of its manufacturer at Rheims. "The agents in the United States, and the travellers in other parts of the world, enjoy by contract a monopoly of all sales. This privilege is supposed to be necessary as an encouragement to the exercise of that personal effort essential to making known and selling the wine. It is impossible to obtain at Rheims, for love or money, a bottle of genuine Clicquot or Roederer, that is to say, a bottle with their names on, though wine of the same vintage, or that of equally good or better quality, can be obtained in any quantity the purchaser may desire." Again, "Most of the manufacturers will unhesitatingly sell the same wines as those which bear their name, but under a different appellation. It is only the monopoly of the brand which is granted, and not that of the wine. An American purchaser, for example, can buy at Rheims, if he is willing to pay for it, the best champagne ever made, provided he will take it without the brand of Clicquot, De St. Marceaux, or other, and substitute John Smith, the American eagle, or whatever may be his name or fancy."

We do not quote in full the description of the manner of making, bottling, corking, tapping, marking, labelling, and unfolding champagne—first, because it would occupy too much space, and next, because a very good account of these processes can be found in any good Encyclopædia. But we cannot keep from our readers the following morsel of new information:

The effervescence of champagne depends much upon the form and condition of the glass out of which it is drank. It sparkles much more vigorously when poured into a glass pointed than in one that is round or flat at the bottom. The presence of a little dust left by a careless waiter will increase greatly the development of the gas; and a glass that, after being rinsed with water, is wiped with a towel, however fine, will cause the champagne poured into it to sparkle; while the same wine will be comparatively still in a glass which has been merely rinsed and untouched afterwards. The cause of this is owing to the fact that in the former case there is always some of the lint of the cloth left clinging to the vessel, while in the latter there is none. A crack or a scratch will also greatly augment the sparkle. The old-fashioned tapering glass, called a *flute*, is the one generally preferred in Champagne.

A great deal is told of the eccentricity of Englishmen. Here is an instance, which Dr. Tomes tells us he personally witnessed at the Hotel du Lion d'Or:

GOING THROUGH THE WINE-BILL.—A stout John Bull, of capacious stomach and full purse, alighting one day at the Lion d'Or, asked if Rheims was the place where champagne was made, and asked nothing else. On being answered in the affirmative, he immediately pushed for the dining-room, where he took up the wine-card and began business. Pointing to the long list of the different brands of champagne, he ordered the first. Having received and drank this, he sent for the second, then for the third, and so on until he was so drunk he could neither drink nor order more. The waiter now, as he had been previously directed by the eccentric Englishman, made a mark on the wine-list with a pencil to indicate the point to which the force of swallow of the capacious guest had brought him. On the next day, at an early hour, the Englishman resumed his day's work, beginning where he had left off, and drank bottle after bottle, until he could drink no more. The waiter again made his mark; and once more, on the third day, the Englishman having partly slept off during the night the effects of the wine, came to his work with renewed vigor. He did as he had done before, and this time finished the list, but was borne off insensible to bed. Next morning he was prepared to continue his labors, but finding by an inspection of the wine-card that his work was done, he expressed himself perfectly satisfied, paid his bill, and took the first train for Paris. He had drank twelve bottles of champagne in three days, during which time he had not left the hotel and hardly the dining-room, and departed from Rheims without having put a foot in the streets.

☞ Shakespearean thought—"When the brains are out, the woman will dye."

Marriage and Long Life.

Statistics, morality and sentiment have all been brought forward in discussing the question as to the comparative health, happiness and duration of life of the married and unmarried. The verdict must be considered as given in favor of the married, but with a reservation that the advantages are not equally enjoyed by the two sexes. As far as regards the people of Scotland, the question seems to be conclusively answered in a paper read some months ago by Dr. James Stark before the Royal Society of Edinburgh. He begins by the remark, that a nine years' average of the deaths in Scotland shows a higher ratio of deaths among males than among females at all ages, except in the early period of life, from ten to fifteen years.

A more important inquiry, however, is the effect of marriage on male and female life. An interesting answer to this question is brought by a table prepared by Dr. Stark. It shows that at every age, from 20 to 85 years, the death-rate of the married men is very much smaller than that of the unmarried. After the 85th year of life, the numbers are too small to justify any comparison. It appears from this table that out of 100,000 unmarried men between 20 and 25 years of age, 1,174 died during the year 1863; but that out of a like number of married men, only 597 died, or just half the number. In other words, between the age of 20 and 25 years the death-rate of the bachelors was exactly double that of the married men.

As the age increases, the difference between the death-rates of the married and unmarried decreases; but the decrease is slow and regular, showing a marked difference in favor of the married men at every five-year period of life. Thus, at the age of from 25 to 30 years, when the number of married and unmarried men in Scotland is nearly equal, of every 100,000 bachelors, 1,269 died during the year; but in an equal number of unmarried men only 865 died. A similar difference, though in less degree, is found in favor of married men during every five-year period, even to that between 80 and 85 years of age. Here, then, we have the remarkable fact, proved from the statistics of a whole country, that the influence of marriage on duration of life of the male is of the most potent kind; that, in fact, the bachelor life is much more destructive to the male sex than the most unwholesome of trades, or than a residence in a crowded locality where there is not the most distant attempt at sanitary arrangements of any kind. Reckoning from the 20th year of life, the mean age at death of married men was 59½ years, whereas the mean age at death of bachelors was only 40 years, showing a chance of 19½ years longer life to the former over the latter of these two classes.

In comparing the mortality of the married and the unmarried women, it was found that the difference is trifling, for while, during the three periods of life, 15 to 20, 20 to 25 and 25 to 30 years, the married died in a higher proportion, it was the reverse during the next two periods of life, or from 30 to 35, and from 35 to 40 years, during a period in which nearly half of their children are born. From the 45th year of life to old age, or 75 years, married women die in smaller proportions than the unmarried.

We leave it to the thoughtful reader to judge how far an explanation of the longer life of married men, as a class, may be explained by the growth of more regular habits, the practice of greater thrift and economy, and all the influences of homes of their own.

Josh Billings on Linch-Pins.

I want to bet three dollars no man ever matched himself agin the devil but what he got beat.

Aim hi, if you strike low. The man who undertakes tew jump three hundred and seventy-five feet ahed will certainly make a good try.

I never knu a man who was alwus anxious tew repent of his sins before he had committed them who didn't want the sharpest kind of watching.

I never bet enny stamps on the man who is always telling what he would have did if he had been thare. I have noticed that this kind never got thare.

Faith don't appear to me tew be enny thing more than tip-top good sense; and the faith there is in this world now won't keep a man from falling to the bottom of a well if he lets go uv the curb to spit on his hands.

When I get to not having any good luck, it does seem to me that I kan have more of it than enny man I ever knew, and not half try; I suppose it seems jist so to you, my friend, don't it?

I kan't think uv enny talent now that is so apt to descend from father to son unTarnished as the gift uv exaggeration.

A man may have a perfek right to be born single, but I dought whether he has a right to continue on so.

A YOUNG LAWYER was examining a bankrupt as to how he had spent his money. There were about two thousand pounds unaccounted for, when the attorney put on a severe, scrutinizing face, and exclaimed, with much self-complacency:

"Now, sir, I want you to tell this court and jury how you used those two thousand pounds"

The bankrupt put on a serio-comic face, winked at the audience, and exclaimed:

"The lawyers got that!"

The judge and audience were convulsed with laughter, and the counsellor was glad to let the bankrupt go.

☞ We cannot remember a night so dark as to have hindered the approach of coming day, nor a storm so furious or dreadful as to prevent the return of warm sunshine and cloudless sky.

☞ The swan subdues the eagle when he attacks her on her own element; so the weakest may subdue his strongest foe, if he will but keep his place and do his duty.

☞ AN ABSURD IDEA.—How exquisitely absurd to tell a girl that beauty is of no value—dress of no value. Beauty is of value; her whole prospect in life may often depend upon a new gown, or a becoming bonnet, and if she has five grains of common sense, she will find this out. The great thing is to teach her their just value, and that there must be something better under the bonnet than a pretty face for real happiness. But never sacrifice truth.

☞ At the silver wedding of Joseph H. Pardee and wife, of East Haven, recently, one of the gifts was a beautiful loaf of cake, in the frosting of which were neatly embedded twenty-five silver half dollars.

☞ The King of Italy gives as a reason for not going to Paris, that he has not enough money to buy a third-class ticket on the railway.

SALLIE'S CADET BALL.

You ask of your Sallie to tell you
How she liked the cadets at their ball;
Who were there; whom I danced with; but—
well, you
Shall hear my account of it all.
There was Kane with his gaudiest sneers,
Young Loftus who's going on pay;
They are both of them charming—such dancers!
So I thought I would hold both in play.

O Clara, when first they had spied me,
I was resting upon the settee;
There was Flora MacSweetzer beside me,
As jealous as jealous could be.
At once they came to me; what dances
Would I promise them? each bade me say:
I wish you had seen Flora's glances
At both, as I held them in play.

They begged for one waltz, which I gave them;
Nothing else, they affirmed with a sigh,
From distraction could possibly save them—
I don't think Flora liked being by.
She was vexed—her face could not deceive me—
I saw it as plain as the day.
O Clara, there's nothing, believe me,
Like holding one's fishes in play.

'Twas an exquisite ball, and discretion
Makes flirting and love *comme il faut:*
Do you think it a heartless expression?
'Tis fashion's grand maxim, you know.
But still on one point a suggestion
Pray give me, my Clara, O pray!
Is it always safe—that is my question—
Thus to hold one's admirers in play?

From the N. Y. Dispatch.

PURE TEA.—The large and constantly increasing demand for this article has induced, among unscrupulous dealers, a degree of mixture and adulteration that makes it difficult for consumers to determine where to make their purchases. To obviate this difficulty, The Great American Tea Company has been established, and depots opened at several prominent points in this city and Brooklyn. The undeviating rule of this Company, observed at all their branch stores, is to sell a genuine article at the lowest possible price.

GEN. JACKSON'S LATIN.—When General Jackson was once addressing a Western audience, one of the crowd called upon him to "tip" a little Latin. He broke forth, "*Ne plus ultra, multum in parvo, sine qua non, ultima thule!*" All this we can apply to the new edition of Webster's Dictionary. We honestly believe that "Webster's Royal Unabridged" stands at the head of all the dictionaries of the English language. The typography and binding fully correspond to the excellence of the work.—*Honolulu Friend.*

CABINET ORGANS.—These beautiful instruments, which have become so popular with the musical public, are made *only* by Mason & Hamlin, and are far superior to any other instrument in the world. They are all excellent parlor instruments, and the low price at which they are sold brings them within the reach of all.—*Cleveland Daily Leader.*

☞ The Port Deposit correspondent of the Cecil Whig says:—"A singular case of conscience has been brought to light in connection with strawberries. Sundry dozens of quarts were engaged for the festival at Nottingham church (Presbyterian) on the 20th. The seller, finding they were for "church purposes," refused to let them have a berry on conscientious scruples.

☞ A Norwegian woman, dressed in homespun, brief and limp, who, only seven weeks from her native land, arrived at Milwaukee one day last week, was seen two hours after with a bran new hoop skirt under her arm, just entering a car for Minnesota. It was her first trial of Yankee institutions, and illustrates the ruling passion.

☞ Mr. Lord, of New York, upon whose property the famous bond robbery was committed, on Monday received from an unknown source $1,200,000 worth of the bonds stolen from him. This leaves a deficit of only $300,000 still missing.

☞ The Wolfboro' (N. H.) News mentions the unusual sight on the 12th of June, of some persons cutting grass and making hay, while others were ploughing ground preparatory to putting in spring wheat. Some were nearly through with the first haying, while others were making and sowing their gardens.

☞ There seems to be a general desire among the publishers of newspapers in the North-West to have the taxes on the manufacture and importation of paper removed. The Wisconsin Editorial Convention, recently in session, passed a resolution, stating it to be the duty of Congress to repeal these taxes.

☞ A Mr. Houston, of Detroit, was member of a Maine regiment at the first Bull Run battle. From that time nothing had been heard from him, and he was supposed to be dead. About a year ago his wife married again, and has a child several weeks old. On the 24th of May Mr. Houston unexpectedly made his appearance.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—The market has been more active. About 5000 bbls sold at $8@8,50 for superfine; $9@9,75 for extra; $10@12 for low grade and fancy northwest family; $11@13 for Penna and Ohio family, and $13@15 ₩ bbl for fancy brands, as to quality. 300 bbls of Rye Flour sold at from $6,75@7,25 per bbl.

GRAIN—Wheat is scarce and in good demand; 5000 bus good to prime Penna red sold at from $2,50@2,80; 3000 bus common to fair do at $2,15@2,35, and 1000 bus California do at $3,10. Rye—2000 bus western sold at $1,40@1,43, and 1000 bus Penna at $1,50. Corn—27,000 bus prime yellow sold at $1,08@1,14, and 20,000 bus western mixed at $1,03@1,12 ₩ bus. Oats—46,000 bus sold at 32@32c ₩ bus; 2000 bus Barley Malt sold at $1,30 ₩ bus.

PROVISIONS—The market continues very dull; small sales are making at $22,50@23 ₩ bbl for new Mess Pork; 14@17½c ₩ lb for plain and fancy bagged bacon Hams; 13½@14½c for pickled do, 8½@9½c for salt Shoulders, and 12½@13½c ₩ lb for prime Lard in bbls and tcs. Mess Beef is selling at from $17@23 for Western, and $23@25 ₩ bbl for city packed. Beef Hams are quoted at $11@12. Butter; small sales are making at 9@12½c for roll, and 9½@16c ₩ lb for solid packed. Cheese is selling at 10@15c ₩ lb for New York factory. Eggs sell at 20@21c ₩ dozen.

☞ Other articles are reported about the same as last week.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1250 head. The prices realized from 18@19 cts ₩ lb. 200 Cows brought from $40 to 60 ₩ head. Sheep—3000 head were disposed of at from 6@6½ cts ₩ lb. 3300 Hogs sold at from $8@9,50 ₩ 100 lbs.

HISTORY.—Man's twofold nature is reflected in history. "He is of earth," but his thoughts are with the stars. Mean and petty his wants and his desires; yet they serve a soul excited with grand, glorious aims, with immortal longings, with thoughts which sweep the Heavens, and "wander through eternity." A pigmy standing on the outward crust of this small planet, his far-reaching spirit stretches outwards to the Infinite, and there alone finds rest. History is a reflex of this double life. Every epoch has two aspects—one calm, broad, and solemn, looking towards Eternity; the other agitated, petty, vehement, and confused, looking towards Time.

☞ WHAT AGE BRINGS WITH IT.—As we grow older, it is with hearts as with heads of hair; for one that we find real, there are nine that are false!

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Some parties inquire of us how they shall proceed to get up a club. The answer is simply this: Let each person wishing to join in a club, say how much tea or coffee he wants, and select the kind and price from our Price List, as published in the paper or in our circulars. Write the names, kinds, and amounts plainly on a list, and when the club is complete send it to us by mail, and we will put each party's goods in separate packages, and mark the name upon them, with the cost, so there need be no confusion in their distribution—each party getting exactly what he orders, and no more. The cost of transportation the members of the club can divide equitably among themselves.
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N. B.—All villages and towns where a large number reside, by clubbing together, can reduce the cost of their Teas and Coffees about one-third by sending directly to "The Great American Tea Company."
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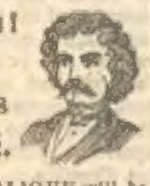
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THOMAS J. HUSBAND,
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my4-3m HENRY BILL, Norwich, Conn.

PENNSYLVANIA CENTRAL RAILROAD
SUMMER TIME, TAKING EFFECT
JUNE 2nd, 1867.
The trains of the Pennsylvania Central R. R. leave the Depot, at 31st and Market Streets, which is reached directly by the cars of the Market Street Passenger Railway. Those of the Chestnut and Walnut Street Railway run within one square of it.
ON SUNDAYS—The Market Street cars leave Front and Market Streets 35 minutes before the departure of each train.
Sleeping Car Tickets can be had on application at the Ticket Office, North-West corner of Sixth and Chestnut Streets.
AGENTS OF THE UNION TRANSFER COMPANY will call for and deliver baggage at the Depot. Orders left at No. 901 Chestnut Street, or No. 4 South Eleventh Street, will receive attention.

TRAINS LEAVE DEPOT, VIZ.:

MAIL TRAIN	9.00	A.M.
PAOLI ACCOMMODATION, No. 1	10.00	"
FAST LINE & ERIE EXPRESS	12.10	P.M.
PAOLI ACCOMMODATION, No. 2	1.00	"
HARRISBURG ACCOMMODATION,	2.30	"
LANCASTER ACCOMMODATION,	4.00	"
PARKESBURG TRAIN	5.30	"
WESTERN ACCOM. TRAIN	5.40	"
CINCINNATI EXPRESS	7.30	"
ERIE MAIL	7.30	"
PHILADELPHIA EXPRESS	11.15	"
PAOLI ACCOMMODATION, No. 3	9.00	"

Erie Mail leaves daily, except Saturday.
Philadelphia Express leaves daily. All other trains daily, except Sunday.
THE WESTERN ACCOMMODATION TRAIN runs daily, except Sunday. For full particulars as to fare and accommodations apply to FRANCIS FUNK, Agent, 137 Dock Street.

TRAINS ARRIVE AT DEPOT, VIZ.:

CINCINNATI EXPRESS	1.15	A.M.
PHILADELPHIA EXPRESS	7.10	"
ERIE MAIL	7.10	"
PAOLI ACCOMMODATION, No. 1	8.20	"
PARKESBURG TRAIN	9.20	"
LANCASTER TRAIN	12.40	P.M.
FAST LINE AND ERIE EXPRESS	1.10	"
PAOLI ACCOMMODATION, No. 2	4.10	"
DAY EXPRESS	6.20	"
PAOLI ACCOMMODATION, No. 3	7.00	"
HARRISBURG ACCOM.	9.50	"

For further information, apply to
JOHN C. ALLEN, Ticket Agent, 901 Chestnut St.
SAMUEL R. WALLACE, Ticket Agent, at the Depot.
The Pennsylvania Railroad Co. will not assume any risk for Baggage, except for Wearing Apparel, and limit their responsibility to One Hundred Dollars in value. All baggage exceeding that amount in value, will be at the risk of the owner, unless taken by special contract.
EDWARD H. WILLIAMS,
ap7-tf *Gen'l Supt., Altoona, Pa.*

WANTED—An agent in every village and city in the United States to sell an article desired by every retailer and manufacturer. Most persons will purchase several—many a dozen or more. Also travelling agents wanted. Send for circular or 50 cents for samples, with which you can get subscribers. I. A. PITTMAN,
je29-6t 9 West Third St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

ERRORS OF YOUTH.—A gentleman who suffered for years from Nervous Debility, Premature Decay, and all the effects of youthful indiscretion, will, for the sake of suffering humanity, send free to all who need it, the receipt and directions for making the simple remedy by which he was cured. Sufferers wishing to profit by the advertiser's experience, can do so by addressing, in perfect confidence, JOHN B. OGDEN, No. 42 Cedar St., New York. je1-3m

WIT AND HUMOR.

Fish "as They Run."

Many good stories have been told of the late Judge Cooper, of Cooperstown, father of the novelist, but the following has never made its way to the public:—Judge Cooper was one of the first, if not the very first, to break the wilderness in that region; and was possessed of large tracts of land in and about Cooperstown, which he sold out, sometimes on very liberal terms to actual settlers.

One day a man came to him, wishing to purchase some wild land in a remote portion of the township. This tract of land lay upon the banks of the river, from which an abundance of fish was taken for the supply of the villagers; and the farmer asked if Judge Cooper would not be willing to take his pay in fish—an arrangement to which the judge consented. "But," said the farmer, "you know, judge, that there's all kinds of fish in the river—pike and trout, and large and small. You'll be willing to take them as they run, won't you, judge?"

"Oh yes," said the judge, good-naturedly; "only bring your fish along. I'll take them as they run."

And so the papers were made out, and the farmer departed. But the summer drew on, and waxed and waned, and yet none of the fish upon which the judge had expected to regale himself made its appearance at his door. After many months had passed, the judge, growing impatient about the promised payment for his land, mounted his horse and rode out into the region it lay. As he expected, he found the settler at work upon his place. The judge rode up to him, and asked him a little sharply about the fish he had promised to bring him.

"Fish! judge?" said the man, rising slowly from the ox-yoke he was mending, and looking with an amazed squint upon Judge Cooper, "did I promise to bring you any fish?"

"To be sure you did?" said the judge, roundly; "wasn't that the agreement? You promised to pay for your land in fish. And where's the fish?"

"But, judge," said the man, "didn't you promise to take the fish as they run?"

"To be sure," said the judge, "but I have had no opportunity to take them as they run, or in any other way, for not a basketful have you brought me."

"But, judge," said the man, "there's the river; there they run: you can take as many as you like!"

The judge wheeled his horse hastily and rode homeward, and the man got his farm by his wits, for Judge Cooper never appealed to him again for his fish—as they run, or in any other way. But he was accustomed to tell the story with great glee.

The Follies of a Night.

Not a thousand miles from here lives one James P———, or, as he is familiarly known among his host of friends, Jim. Now, the aforesaid Jim is an eccentric in every sense of the word, yet moreover generous, noble-hearted, and possessed of more general courage than falls to the lot of man. The following is, as nearly as we can give it, a relation of a night's adventure:

One morning we met him in the street, looking rather melancholy, when he said—

"Yesterday I felt a little bad, and, mark you, I went and took a small drink; and that not improving my feelings, I took another and another, don't you observe, and finally I got a little tight. In the evening, I went into the country with a friend, mark you, and thinking I would cool off, I took several more drinks when I got there, don't you observe; yet, strange to say, the more I drank the tighter I got, until, mark you, I was totally unconscious when I went to bed. During the night I woke up, don't you observe, and I could not imagine where the mischief I was, mark you. The room was dark as Egypt. I heard a clock strike two in some part of the house, mark you; I became very anxious to learn my whereabouts, don't you observe, and for that purpose, arose from my bed, mark you, and after stumbling about over a dozen chairs, don't you observe, I came to a table. Now, mark you, I reflected that the generality of apartments are a perfect or an oblong square, don't you observe, and I deduced from this, mark you, that by feeling along the table until I came to a corner, I could get off at right angles and reach a corner of the room, and by that guide by the wall to a door or window, don't you observe. Following out the idea, mark you, I began carefully to feel along the edge of the aforesaid table, and finally gaining confidence, I went a little faster; the idea struck me that it was a blamed long table, that I could not get a corner, don't you observe; yet I persevered, and finally day broke, and when sufficient light penetrated the apartment, I saw, mark you, that I had been following a round table all night, looking for a corner, don't you observe."

Thought he had Her.

An old Dutch farmer had a handsome daughter, named Minnie, who lately joined the Methodist church, against which the old farmer was somewhat prejudiced. The young minister, under whose instrumentality Miss Minnie was converted, visited her frequently, excited his suspicion that all was not right. Accordingly, he visited the church on Sunday night, and seated himself, unobserved, among the congregation.

Soon after taking his seat, the minister, who was preaching from Daniel, 5th chapter, 25th verse, repeated in a loud voice the words of his text, "Mene, mene, tekel upharsin," upon which the old farmer sprang to his feet, seized the affrighted girl by the arm, and hurried her out of the meeting-house. Having reached the church-yard, he gave vent to his feelings in the words:

"I knows dare vas something wrong, and now I schwares to 'em."

"Why, father, what *do* you mean?" replied the bewildered and innocent girl.

"Didn't I," shouted the old man, striking his fists together, and stamping with his foot, "didn't I hear de parson call out to you, 'Minnie, Minnie, tickle de parson?'"

☞ "Sam, I've got a very peeooliar question to ax you." "What is it?" "Was you ebber in lub?" "No, Julius." "No!" "You have been, I understand?" "Yes, Sam." "And now, after you have been in love, I wish to be informed of one thing." "And what is dat?" "How did you feel?" "Feel?" "Yes." "Why, Sam, I felt jest as if I was a big tunnel, and a train ob cars was a comin' in at both ends."

THE WET DERBY.

Bob Brabazon does not think it such a *very* bad day!

AGRICULTURAL.

Cosmo's Column.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

JUSTICE TO JERSEY.

The land of the "sand Spaniards" so long held in contempt, redeemed from utter insignificance only by virtue of capital sweet potatoes, superior melons, Camden and Amboy Railroad, Princeton College, Edmund Morris's *Ten Acres*, the famous five hundred acre grain and grass farm of Col. Hay, West Jersey marl, and Newark cider, is at length beginning to be fairly understood and appreciated—more by foreigners from many states, who are coming in rapidly and making themselves permanent homes, in all the "sandy" scrub oak Saharas of New Spain, than by native Jerseymen themselves.

The rapid growth and wonderful development of Vineland and Hammonton—young giants of West Jersey, the tact, liberality, and industrial enterprise that are pushing Manchester, Bricksburg, Elwood, Fruitland, Waterford, the Blue Anchor, Winslow, and other young springs of progress and centres of civilization forward in the work of their older cotemporaries, the many thousands of bushels of strawberries that this season have gone from these new settlements to the markets of Philadelphia and New York—the many thousands of bushels of other fruits, potatoes of both kinds, vegetables of all sorts, and whole trains of superb melons, all afford incontestable testimony that South and West Jersey is in its capacity for production a thousand fold better than the barren waste it has been so long represented as being. A visit of a few days to any or all of these embryo Jersey "fruit lands," mingling freely, socially, and *independently*, with the new comers—foreigners in almost every instance, from many states of the Union—such a visit proves positively the beginning of the fulfillment of a prophecy made more than a quarter of a century since by a practical and scientific *savant*, who during his life performed more and better service in the cause of progressive agriculture than any man of this country who has ever turned experiments, experience, philosophy and common sense in that direction.

One dull, dreary December day, rabbits being the prospective pleasure and profit of the tramp, we were wandering through the wilds of West Jersey. The professor's jolly rotund proportions and duck-legs, making him, as he used frequently to boast, tallest when sitting, made him but an awkward pedestrian, and coming to a sudden halt, blowing like a stranded grampus, he backed up against a scrub oak, where during a quarter of an hour he remained in a silent reverie. Then suddenly breaking out in his peculiarly earnest and emphatic manner, he warmed into enthusiastic eloquence with the inspiration of a new theme.

"Cosmo, the time is rapidly coming, and is almost with us, when this long despised and neglected territory shall become the Mecca of intelligent, practical pilgrims in agricultural progression. In all directions settlements, villages, and towns will be born of, and made to thrive by, the united intelligence and energy of practical industry of a population that shall set in with a steady, unceasing flow from the North, West, and South, cutting, clearing, building, improving, and inaugurating a better order of agriculture and horticulture, until this South and West Jersey Sahara shall be changed to an Eden, and the area now neglected shall become a model land of wealth, thrift, productiveness, education, and moral and social perfection."

The professor's prediction is beginning to be accomplished. In many directions live men and sensible women, their active co-workers, are building up new New Jersey towns upon new principles—rural cities, mingling the *utile* with the *dulce;* covering broad acres within corporate limits but recently redeemed from scrub oaks and apparent sand surfaces, with comfortable and ornamental homes, interspersed with broader areas of money-bearing breadths of strawberries, blackberries, raspberries, peach, pear, and apple trees, with farms of luxuriant cereal grains and grasses; for the better production of all of which, the science, brains, and practical experiments of these foreigners, from all parts of the country, are proving to be as eminently adapted as any other region within the limits of our whole country, having the advantages over all others of a mild climate, excellent water, pure air, exemption from chills and febrile diseases, and of being sandwiched in between two of the best and biggest markets on the continent, the communication to either by rail being rapid and direct.

Not only will New Jersey herself, and the many thousands who are hastening thither from all directions, be benefitted by the change of proprietorship, but Philadelphia and her entire population, New York, and her million of consumers, and next after these cities and towns more remote, and finally the whole country, will be largely the gainers by this redemption of scrub oak wildernesses and Jersey wastes, metamorphosing them into fruit gardens and fields of grain and grass as productive as any in the Union.

For this new order of things, the reign of which is beginning to be established throughout South and West Jersey, and its progressive influences felt throughout the length and breadth of the entire country, not only thousands of individuals, but the public at large are very greatly indebted to the foresight, energy, tact, and executive ability of C. K. Landis, Esq., pioneer in the march of agricultural progress, in the development of the resources of West Jersey. The controlling managers of the Hammonton enterprise, with Generals Wright at Elwood, Shultz at Bricksburg, W. A. Baldwine, Esq., at Waterford, and the association of gentlemen at the Blue Anchor, following in the footsteps of the pioneer leader—pursuing a liberal, true republican policy, are doing good service in presenting truthfully to strangers coming from all directions, the merits of the soil, advantages of position, and inducing a rapid settlement of the entire territory.

There are a few others, large landed proprietors, who in putting their domains into the market and inviting purchasers, would do well to observe the fair, liberal policy pursued by the parties above named, and copying them in all their intercourse with those intending to purchase, or who have already purchased and settled on their tracts. They must remember that this is an era of *freemen;* that settlers are not serfs, who will tamely submit to any unreasonable rule—that in these new settlements there must be equality in opinion, harmony of interest, and union of policy. That no nabob notions of superiority can be tolerated, no sectarian or social narrow-minded sentiments successful, no aristocratic pretensions in principles, employees, their wives, daughters, or cousins, in any degree will be recognized or permitted. Those who come to purchase are too independent, and there are too many capital corners in New Jersey inviting capital and common sense to allow a selfish aristocracy in any form to hold rule.

AGRICULTURAL CO OPERATION.

At the distance of twenty-five miles from the city of Philadelphia, in the southeast corner of Camden county, some two miles west from Winslow, on the Camden and Atlantic railroad, is the *Blue Anchor*, an old time Jersey wayside inn, located on an eminence in the midst of a beautiful undulating region, having a soil capable of giving maximum crops of whatever grains, grasses, vegetables or fruits man shall will to grow and labor fairly to produce.

To this ancient hostelry Philadelphia physicians have for these fifty years and more been in the habit of exiling for a time their patients afflicted with pulmonary complaints, bronchitis, asthma, &c., and in a majority of instances the water and pure, bracing atmosphere, effected a complete and permanent cure.

At the Blue Anchor it is contemplated to establish an extensive *Industrial School*, where pupils of both sexes shall be taught practically all the useful avocations of life, together with such branches as are usually taught in our better class schools—the intention being to make *men* and *women*, instead of mere lady and gentlemen scholars.

In conjunction with the Institution it is designed to inaugurate, by a community of interest and co-operation of capital and labor, various manufactures, and the production of fruits, vegetables, grains and grasses.

An extensive tract of land, embracing all the various qualities of soil adapted to the purposes mentioned, has been purchased by a number of gentlemen, who having formed themselves into a company, governed by a constitution and code of by-laws conformable to an act of the New Jersey legislature, have set apart a tract of three hundred acres and voted twenty per cent. of the income of the association for the requirements of the proposed school until it shall become self-sustaining. Besides this, they have reserved the fine old homestead farm for co-operative purposes, and are pushing improvements in the opening of avenues and streets, while individuals are improving by clearing up and cultivating their purchases, building better class dwellings, etc. They have already a fine saw mill in active operation, a large green house for the propagation of vines, fruits, flowers and early vegetables, established; all of which, with themselves are earnestly inviting co-operative labor and capital.

The only drawback to entire success that we have been able to discover, is that the price of land is, in our opinion, held at too high a figure as compared with those equally eligible and as advantageously located in regard to railroad facilities and markets. As an independent, unsubsidized inspector of all possible and several impracticable corners of South and West Jersey, we are in duty bound to present to the public the reverse as well as the obverse of all agricultural pictures that may come under our observation as truthfully as we can.

GATHERED GRAINS.

——The aggregate amount of strawberries shipped from Hammonton up to Saturday, June 22d, foot up as follows:—To New York 226,872 quarts, Philadelphia 66,433 quarts. Vineland, up to the 15th, sent to market and canned 82,354 quarts—Eaten altogether at home in all these regions several car loads. Strawberry land certainly—South and West Jersey.

——Wheat, rye, and oats safe for a maximum crop throughout the state. Hay good, and more of it than last year. Potatoes so far are famous. Fruit plenty, and corn begins to promise fairly.

——Gov. Ward is going to recommend in his next message the passage of a law compelling all New Jersey slovens to keep their live stock shut in, or—take the risk of having them shot into dead stock—we hope. Viva Gov. Ward!

——Georgia has harvested her wheat crop—a heavy one, of very good grain. Georgia corn is growing finely, a great deal of it. Famine's race is nearly run in that state.

——A new worm, not much like the curculio, is beginning to bore into and destroy peaches this way. Another worm pest cuts into the terminal bud of all fruit trees, killing the shoot. We are going to investigate and expose the pirates.

RECEIPTS.

SWEET CURRANT WINE.—To every quart of juice allow three pounds No. 1 coffee sugar, and two quarts of clean soft water. Never let the currants stand over night without scalding. Press out the juice, and mix in it the water and sugar; this is the receipt for one gallon of wine. If a barrel is used, be particular to have it clean and sweet. Pour the mixture in the barrel, and tack over the bung cotton cloth, to prevent the wine from running over. The barrel should contain thirty gallons, allowing three gallons for fermenting room; as soon as the fermentation ceases, close the bung-hole, and place the barrel where it will remain for six months. The longer wine remains without bottling, the more wine there will be to the gallon, and the greater will be the body of the wine. The currant wine already described is the rule which we have followed for several years, and the wine has been mistaken for raisin wine by persons who are called good judges. The older the better.

CHERRY WINE.—Select morello cherries not over ripe; pick them free from the stems, bruise the pulp without breaking the pits, and add to each gallon three pounds of sugar; let it remain over night, then pass it through a fine colander, put it in a cask, let it ferment, and draw off the wine as soon as clear. Some add a part of the kernels.

DAMSON WINE.—Boil eight gallons of fruit in eleven of water; strain, and add thirty pounds of sugar, six ounces of red tartar; strain and ferment as usual.

SPRUCE BEER.—Boil to a jelly half a pound of fine starch, and add to it one and a half pound of strained honey and one gallon of soft water, allow for three times this receipt two ounces of the essence of spruce, add yeast, and close the cask as soon as fermentation ceases. It will be fit to use in two days, and will not keep a very long time.

MOLASSES BEER.—Mix four quarts of molasses with thirteen gallons of water and three ounces of hops, boil for half an hour, strain and add yeast.

KIDNEY SAUTE.—This is a breakfast dish. Any kidney will do. If you use a pork kidney, it must be cut in half and soaked in warm water. Take a beef kidney for instance. Cut it in small pieces. Put a little butter in a pan; add a pinch of chopped onion. When well colored by frying, add the kidney. Afterward stir in half a teaspoonful of flour fast, and half a gill of white wine mixed in a bowl with some of the juice. A teaspoonful of chopped parsley may be added to the simmering mass.

PEAS AU NATUREL.—Take half a peck of peas. Shell them. If old, blanch them in boiling water for a minute. Young peas do not need it. Take out the peas with a colander. Put them in a pot on the fire, with a little salt, two teaspoons of sugar, a head of lettuce. Tie together three stalks of parsley, and a bay leaf, and put in. Also a piece of butter the size of an egg. Stir once in a while.

ICE CREAM.—A pint and a-half of milk in a tin saucepan, with two ounces of sugar, and two eggs, and stir with an egg-beater as soon as you get it on the fire. Continue stirring steadily, and take it off as soon as it is going to boil up. Put it in a bowl to cool, and when cool put the whole in freezer.

Ice around a freezer is better with one-third salt than with less.—*Prof. Blot.*

JAM OF GREENGAGES.—Put ripe greengages into a kettle, with very little water, and let them stew until soft; then rub them through a sieve or colander, and to every pint of pulp put a pound of white sugar powdered fine; then put it in a preserving-kettle over the fire, stir it until the whole is of the consistence of a jelly, then take it off; put the marmalade in small jars or tumblers, and cover as directed for jelly.

TO WASH LAWN AND MUSLIN.—Delicate lawn and muslin dresses are so frequently spoiled by bad washing, the colors of the fabrics yielding so readily to the action of soap, that it is better to adopt a method of cleaning the finest materials, and imparting to them the appearance of newness. Take two quarts of wheat bran, and boil it for half an hour in soft water. Let it cool, then strain it, and pour the strained liquor into the water in which the dress is to be washed. Use no soap. One rinsing alone is required, and no starch. The bran water not only removes the dirt, and insures against change of color, but gives the fabric a pleasanter stiffness than any preparation of starch. If the folds are drawn from the skirts and sleeves, the dress will iron better; and will appear, when prepared in this way, as fresh as new.

☞ The following curious advertisement appears in a newspaper of Paris: "Agency general for international marriages. Happiness guaranteed for a year."

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 6 letters.
Omit my 1st and 2d and I am an ornament.
My 6th, 4th and 5th is a liquor.
My 1st, 4th, 5th and 6th is an accompaniment to music.
My 6th, 3d, 4th and 2d takes forcible hold.
My 2d, 4th and 6th is an animal.
My 1st, 2d, 3d, 4th and 6th belongs to plants.
My whole is what all ever welcome with pleasure. EMILY.

Baltimore, Md.

Rebus.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

One of Shakspeare's plays.
One of Longfellow's poems.
One of Longfellow's poems.
One of Campbell's poems.
One of Byron's poems.
One of N. P. Willis's poems.
One of Charles Mackay's poems.
One of the Waverly Novels.
One of Dickens's stories.
One of J. G. Saxe's poems.
One of Eliza Cook's poems.
One of Moore's poems.
A favorite negro melody.
The initials form a celebrated spectacle play.
W. H. MORROW.

Irwin Station, Pa.

Double Rebus.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A plant.
A character in one of Shakspeare's plays.
A character in the Arabian Nights' Entertainments.
A musical instrument.
A kind of cabbage.
A celebrated sea.
A stream celebrated in ancient history.
A law term.
Russian leather prepared from ox hides in a peculiar manner.
The initials form the name of an author, and the finals one of his works. ALEXIA.

Castle Dangerous, Arcadia.

Diophantine Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

It is required to find six positive integral numbers, the sum of any three of which shall be a rational square number.
ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Interest Question.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A gentleman bequeathed to his four sons $100,000 in such a manner that each one when he was 21 should have the same sum. Suppose their ages are 12, 13, 14, 15 years, and allowing compound interest at 5 per cent. per annum, how much did the father bequeath to each at first? J. M. GREENWOOD.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Given the base A, B, of a triangle A, B, C, right-angled at B, 15 rods, a point D in the base 5 rods from B, and the angle A, C, D, 30 degrees, to find the sides A, C, and B, C.
E. P. NORTON.

Allen, Hillsdale Co., Mich.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

ENIGMA.

☞ What loses its flavor when we borrow it?—*Wit.*

☞ What is it that 'wealth seldom extinguishes?—*Wishes.*

☞ What traits are difficult to exterminate?—*Innate.*

☞ What did Cleopatra to her bosom clasp?—*Asp.*

☞ What enabled Newton the law of the universe to grapple?—*Apple.*

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA.—"Frailty, thy name is woman." "Hamlet." RIDDLE.—Stuffe, tripe, ripe, pet, step, pit.

ERRATUM.—In E. P. Norton's PROBLEM, published June 6th, 4 per cent. in the fourth line of the problem should read 4½ per cent.

Answer to A. Martin's PROBLEM, May 4th—17264. A. Martin and J. M. Greenwood.

Answer to J. M. Greenwood's PROBLEM of same date—79.372539 rods. J. M. Greenwood.

Answer to J. B. Sanders's PROBLEM, same date—Height is ⅔ of the length. J. M. Greenwood.

Answer to W. H. Morrow's PROBLEM of May 11th—He will overtake him in 20 hours. W. H. Morrow, J. M. Greenwood, Edwin Searson and W. H. Sands.

Answer to W. Emerson's PROBLEM, same date—14.1 seconds. J. M. Greenwood.

Answer to J. M. Greenwood's PROBLEM, same date—28-125, 21-125. J. M. Greenwood.

Answer to W. H. Sands's PROBLEM, May 18th—7¼ acres. J. M. Greenwood, E. Searson, J. S. Phebus, E. P. Norton and W. H. Sands.

Answer to W. H. Morrow's PROBLEM of same date—A, 150; B, 200; C, 25; D, 350. W. H. Morrow, J. M. Greenwood, A. H. Heath, W. H. Sands, J. S. Phebus and E. P. Norton.

Answer to J. M. Greenwood's PROBLEM of same date—1.086 inches. J. M. Greenwood.